Oliver Ditson Company's Standard Edition of Opera Librettos.

I PURITANI,

COMPOSED BY BELLINI,

WITH ENGLISH AND ITALIAN WORDS,

ITALIAN AND ENGLISH WITH MUSIC.

AFRICAINE (L') Meyerbeer
AÏDA Verdi
ANNA BOLENA Donizetti
BALLO (Un) IN MASCHERA (Masked Ball) Verdi
BARBIERE (Il) DI SIVIGLIA (Barber of Seville) Rossini
BOHEMIAN GIRL (La Zingara) Balfe
CARNIVAL OF VENICE Petrella
CARMEN Bizet
CENERENTOLA (La) (Cinderella) Rossini
CRISPINO E LA COMARE (The Cobbler and the Fairy) Ricci
DER FREYSCHÜTZ Weber
DINORAH (La Pardon de Ploermel) Meyerbeer
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PURITANI (I) Bellini
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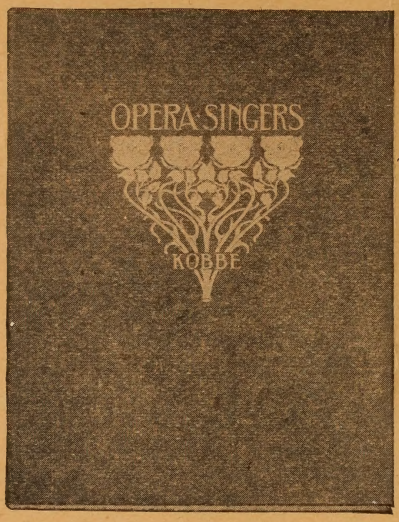

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By GUSTAV KOBBÉ

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BELLINI'S

OPERA

I PURITANI,

CONTAINING THE

ITALIAN TEXT, WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION,

AND

The Music of all the Principal Airs.

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THE EDWARD JOHNSON MUSIC

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ELVIRA. Daughter of Lord Walton.	SOPRANO.
HENRICHETTE. (Henrietta.) Widow of Charles I., under the name of Madame Villa Forte,	SOPRANO.
ARTURO. (Lord Arthur.) A Knight, and partisan of the Stuarts.	TENOR.
BRUNO. An Officer, and a Puritan.	TENOR.
RICCARDO. (Sir Richard Forth.) A Colonel, and a Puritan.	BASS.
WALTER. (Lord Walton.) Governor General, a Puritan.	BASS.
GEORGIO. (Sir George Walton.) His Brother—A Colonel on half pay, a Puritan.	BASS.

Soldiers of Cromwell—Heralds and Men at Arms of Lord Arthur.
Puritans, Peasants, Servants, Pages, and Country Girls.

THE SCENE IS LAID IN ENGLAND, AT THE TIME OF THE STUARTS.

THIS OPERA WAS WRITTEN FOR THE ITALIAN OPERA IN PARIS IN 1834, AND WAS THE LAST WORK OF BELLINI.

A. B. KIDDER'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY, BOSTON.

ARGUMENT.

In this opera, a love story is grafted on the warfare between the Royalists and the Puritans, in the time of the Stuarts. The principal incidents are supposed to take place in a Fortress in the neighborhood of Plymouth, of which Lord Walter Walton is the Governor-General. He has a brother, Sir George, a Colonel on half pay, and a Daughter, Elvira. All these are of the Puritan party; and Lord Walton is desirous of bestowing the hand of Elvira on Sir Richard Forth, also a Puritan, and a Colonel in the army. But Elvira's affections have been won by a partisan of the Stuarts, Lord Arthur Talbot, and, through the intercession of her uncle, Sir George, her father is induced to forego his own preference for Sir Richard, and to consent to her marriage with Lord Arthur. There is another important personage in the drama, a lady who is a semi-prisoner at the Plymouth fortress, being suspected as an adherent of the Stuarts; and not without very good reason, for she is no less a personage than Henrietta of France, the widow of Charles I., who has thus sought concealment and security, under the name of Madame Villa Forte.

At the rise of the curtain, soldiers are discovered on the ramparts of the fortress, relieving guard, and singing their matins as the day dawns. In subsequent scenes we find Sir Richard Forth bewailing the loss of Elvira, and vowing vengeance against his apparently more successful rival; and the uncle of the lady announcing to her the success of his intercession with her father, in favor of the lord of her affections. Preparations are accordingly made for the nuptials; a procession of Esquires, Pages and Damsels arrives, with suitable presents; amongst which is a magnificent white veil. While this is going on, Lord Walton has received instructions from the Parliament to arrest Henrietta, and send her prisoner to London. He charges his soldiers to keep steadfast watch over her, and places the order for her arrest in the hands of Lord Arthur, the pledged adherent of her cause! In the meantime, the wedding arrangements are completed, and Elvira re-enters, attired for the ceremony; but, bearing the nuptial veil in her hand, she playfully throws it over Henrietta, remarking that, "With this veil o'er thy beauties flowing, thou'lt seem the chosen bride, to the altar going." Arthur is struck with the sudden idea; and when, after Elvira has retired, Henrietta attempts to remove the veil, he conjures her to desist; for, "thus attired, the vigilant guard thou'lt baffle, who'll take thee for the bride!" He then somewhat forcibly leads her off, and Elvira re-enters with the bridal party, just in time to see them pass the drawbridge. Of course, this abrupt departure can bear no other construction than an elopement. Elvira becomes motionless in astonishment and despair;—with a fixed stare she raises her hand to her distracted head, and it is discovered that the sudden shock has driven her mad!

Little now remains to be told. The Second Act is occupied almost wholly with the mad scenes of the heroine; but a hint is given that her reason may be restored by some joyous emotion as sudden as that which had occasioned the malady. The Parliament, on being informed of the escape of Queen Henrietta, confiscated the estates of Lord Walton, but afterwards restored them to him, in the conviction that he had not knowingly been a participator in the escape. Lord Arthur, however, was condemned to death, and large rewards were offered for his capture. Hunted by the soldiers of Cromwell, the luckless knight nevertheless gets access to his beloved, when he for the first time becomes cognizant of her sad condition, and the cause of it. This meeting, and consequent explanation, constitute the joyous excitement which restores her to reason; but it is only to hear of the price set on the head of her betrothed. At this crisis, however, news arrives that the Stuarts are finally discomfited, and that Cromwell, considering the peace of England thus re-established, had granted a free pardon to all captives and political offenders.

I PURITANI.

(THE PURITANS.)

ATTO I.

SCENA I.—*Spazioso terrapieno nella Fortezza.—Si veggono alcune cinte, torri ed altre opere di fortificazioni con ponti, levatoj, ec:—Da lontano si scorgono assai pittoresche montagne, che fanno bellissima e solenne veduta, mentre il sole, che nasce, va gradatamente illuminandole, siccome poi rischiara tutta la scena.—Sopra li baluardi si vegono scambiare le Sentinelle.*

Sentinelle fuori e dentro la Fortezza.

1 *Sen.* All' erta!
2 *Sen.* Sto all' erta.
Tutti. Già l' alba appari.
[*Il tamburo e le trombe suonano la sveglia.*
1 *Sen.* La tromba—
2 *Sen.* Rimbomba— [*Il sole rischiara la scena.*
Tutti. E nunzia del di.

Entra Bruno *e Coro di Soldati, che a poco a poco escono con attrezzi militari—puliscono ed acconciarno le armi.*

Quando la tromba squilla,
Ratto il guerrier si desta,
L' armi tremende appresta,
Alla vittoria va!
Pari del ferro al lampo
Se l' ira in cor sfavilla,
Degli Stuardi il campo
In cenere cadrà.
[*Odessi un preludio di armonia religiosa entro la fortezza.*
Bru. Oh, di Cromvèl guerrieri,
Peighiam la mente e il cor
A' mattutini cantici,
Sacri al divin Fattor!
[*Il Soldati s' inginocchiano.—Coro di Puritani dentro la Fortezza.—La campana suona la Preghiera.*
La luna, il sol, le stelle,
Le tenebre e il fulgor,
Dan gloria al Creator
In lor favelle!
La terra e i firmamenti
Esaltano il Signor!
A lui dian laudi e onor,
Tutti le genti!
1 *Sol.* Udisti?
2 *Sol.* Udii.
Tutti. Finì.
Bru. Al re che fece il dì.
L' inno dei puri cor
Salì sui venti!

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Fortress, with the draw-bridge raised, warlike outworks, &c.—Picturesque mountainous scenery in the distance, which the rising sun illumines by degrees.—On the ramparts the Sentinels are being relieved.*

Sentinels within and without the Fortress.

1 *Sen.* Arouse thee!
2 *Sen.* I have risen.
All. The sun is now rising.
[*Drums and trumpets sound the reveillè.*
1 *Sen.* The trumpet—
2 *Sen.* Is sounding— [*The sun breaks over the scene.*
All. It heralds the day.

Enter Bruno *and Chorus of Soldiers, with military equipments—they polish and prepare their arms.*

Whene'er the trumpet soundeth,
Up swift the warrior springeth,
His dreaded arms he bringeth,
And to the battle goes!
Like to his bright sword's flashing,
His eager spirit bounding,
O'er fall'n Stuarts dashing,
In dust he treads his foes.
[*From the fortress a prelude of sacred music is heard.*
Bru. Oh, warriors of Cromwell,
Humble each mind and heart
To morning's solemn canticles,
Praising the Holy God!
[*The Soldiers sink on their knees.—Chorus of Puritans in the Citadel.—The bell sounds for Prayers.*
Moon, sun, and starry regions,
Night's shadow and day's splendor,
In their own language render
All praise and glory!
The earth and heaven above it
Do magnify the Lord!
To him, from ev'ry nation,
Be praise and homage!
1 *Sol.* Didst hear thou?
2 *Sol.* I did hear.
All. 'Tis finished.
Bru. Unto the day's High God
Devotion from the heart
On the winds wafting!

Entrd Coro di Castellane e Castellane, che recano castellini di fiori.

1 *Cas.* A festa!
2 *Cas.* A festa!
Tutti A festa! [*Invitando i Soldati a cantare.*
Bru. Almo gioìr s' appresta;
A tutti rida il cor!
Cantate un casto amor.

[*Bruno fa cenno di adesione, e i Soldati si mischiano co' Castellani, ec ripetendo i canti di nozze.*

Garzon, che mira Elvira
La bella verginella,
L' appella la sua stella!
Regina dell' amor.

E il riso e il caro viso
Beltà di Paradiso;
E rosa in su lo stel,
E un angelo del ciel!

Sincero un Cavaliero
In pianto a lei d' accanto,—
Ha il vanto altero e santo
D' innamorar quel cor.

Elvira allor sospira,
Gli chiede eterna fede;
Ed oggi dà mercede
A un sì fidato, ardor.

1 *Cas.* A festa!
2 *Cas.* A festa!
Tutti. A festa!
Almo gioìr s' appresta!
A tutti ride il cor,
Se a nozze invita amor!

[*Tutti partono il solo Bruno, volgendo il capo e vedendo Riccardo, che esce disperatamente afflitto, si ferma in disparte.*

Entra RICCARDO.

Ric. Or dove fuggo io mai?
Dove mai celo gli orrendi affanni miei?
Come quei canti rispondono
Al mio cor funèrei pianti?
O, Elvira! O, Elvira! o mio sospir soave,
Per sempre io ti perdei! Senza speme ed amor,
In questa vita, or che rimane a me?
Bru. La Patria e il Cielo!
Ric. Qual voce? che dicesti?
E vero—e vero!
Bru. Apri il tuo core intero
All' amistà, n' avrai, conforto.
Ric. E vano! ma pur t' appagherò. Sai che d' Elvira
Il genitor m' acconsentia la mano,
Quando al campo volai.
Ieri alla tarda sera,
Quì giunto con mia schiera,
Pien d' amorosa idea,
Vo al padre.
Bru. Ed ei dicea?
Ric. "Sospira Elvira a Talbo Cavaliero,
E sovra il cor non v' ha paterno impero."
Bru. Ti calma, o amico.
Riz. Il duol, che al cor mi piomba.
Sol calma avrà nel sonno della tomba.

Enter Chorus of Villagers, with baskets of flowers.

1 *Vil.* To pleasure!
2 *Vil.* To pleasure!
All. To pleasure! [*They invite the Soldiers to sing.*
Bru. A joyful day is near;
Let hearts to joy be giv'n!
Sing of some honest love.

[*Making a sign of approval, the Soldiers blend with the Villagers, and sing a bridal chorus.*

A youth beholds Elvira
All bright in virgin beauty,
His star of hope and duty!
His Queen of faith and truth!

There is heaven in her glances!
From its light stalk full bending,
Less blush of rose entrances,
Or angel's glowing youth!

And the faithful Cavalier,
Now in his fond tears kneeling,—
He can boast of having found
In her heart a mutual feeling.

And she, with maiden sighing,
Asked and found his true heart's aim;
And on this day she yields him
The prize of pure love's claim.

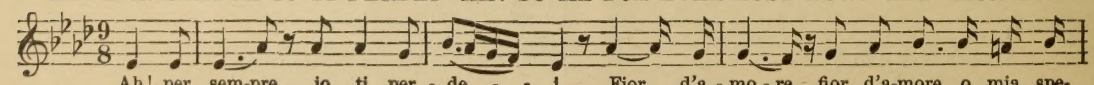
1 *Vil.* To pleasure!
2 *Vil.* To pleasure!
All. To pleasure!
A joyful day is near!
Let hearts be full of cheer,
Love to the wedding leads!

[*Exeunt all but Bruno, who sees Richard approaching in dejection, and steps aside.*

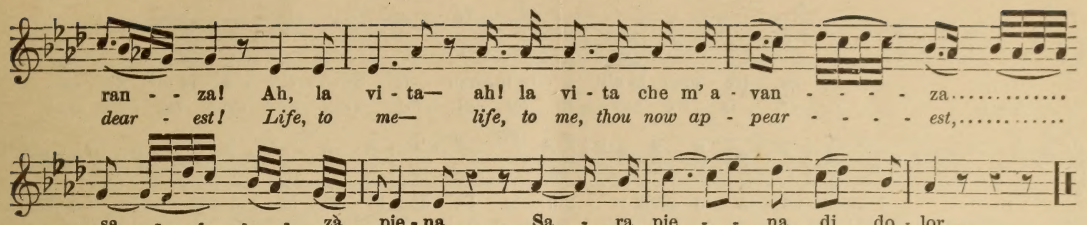
Enter RICHARD.

Ric. Ah! where's my refuge now?
Where may I hide my terrible affliction?
Oh, how these revels seem to vibrate
Like funeral dirges to my bosom!
Elvira, Elvira! sweetest hope,
For ever have I lost thee! Love and hope,
Deprived of these, what now remains to me?
Bru. Thy Country and Heaven!
Ric. Who spoke there? what saidst thou?
'Tis true—'tis true!
Bru. Lay open thy bosom
To friendship, and thence draw comfort.
Ric. 'Tis useless! but I'll yield to thy wish.
Thou know'st Elvira's sire gave me her hand,
Consenting she should be mine.
To the camp I then hastened,
Which, late at night reaching,
My warriors with me, and with heart o'erflowing,
I went to him.
Bru. And then what said he?
Ric. "Elvira sighs for Talbot, and I, her sire,
Have no power o'er her affections."
Bru. My friend, be tranquil.
Ric. The grief that's weighing heavy on my heart
No calm will find save in the sleep of death.

AH! PER SEMPRE IO TI PERDEI—AH! TO ME FOR EVER LOST NOW. AIR. RICCARDO.



Ah! per sem-pre io ti per - de - - i, Fior d'a - mo - re fior d'a-more, o mia spe-
Ah! to me for ev - er lost.... now, Flow'r of love, flow'r of love and hope the



Quando errai per anni ed anni
Al poter della ventura,
Io sfidai sciagura e affanni
Nella speme del tuo amor—
Oh qual sogno ingannator!

[*Sentesi una breve Marcia.—I Soldati trapassano la scena per andare alle rassegne.*

Bru. T' appellan le schiere a lor condottier.
Ric. Di gloria il sentiere m' è chiuso al pensier.
Bru. A patria e ad onore non arde il tuo cor?
Ric. Io ardo—e il mio ardore è amore, è furor!
Bru. Deh poni in obblio
C' età, che fioriva nei sogni d' amor.
Ric. Mi è in mente ognor viva,
Mi accresce il desìo, m' addoppia il dolor.
Bel sogno beato d' amore e contento!
O, cangia il mio fato! o, cangia il mio cor!
O come è tormento nei dì del dolore
La dolce me memoria d' un tenero amor.

[*Partono.*

SCENA II.—*Le finestre Gotiche sono aperte, si vedono le fortificazione, ec.*

ELVIRA *e Sir* GEORGIO.

Elv. O, amato zio! oh, mio secondo padre!
Sir G. Perchè mesta così? m' abbraccia, Elvira.
Elv. Deh chiamami tua figlia!
Sir G. O, figlia! O, nome,
Che la vecchiezza mia consola e alletta.
Pel dolce tempo ch' io ti veglio accanto,
E pel soave pianto,
Che in questo giorno d' allegrezza pieno,
Piove dal ciglio ad innondarmi il seno,
O, figlia, mia diletta, oggi, sposa sarai!
Elv. Sposa!—no mai!

Year by year, as wild I wander'd,
By the whirl of fateful changes toss'd,
To no torture did I bow,
For hope would cheer me, though banish'd now.
Delusion! where's the vision fled?

[*A March.—Soldiers pass over the stage.*

Bru. The army requires thee to be its chief.
Ric. The high path of glory is barr'd to my thoughts.
Bru. For country and honor does not thy heart warm?
Ric. My soul is on fire—but 'tis with love!
Bru. Bury in oblivion that time
Which enwreathed thee with love and flow'rs.
Ric. It is an ever present memory,
Spurring desires, and doubling every woe.
Oh, happy and lovely dream of peace and joy!
Oh, change thou my fate, or change my heart!
Ah, what a keen torment, in the day of grief,
Becomes the mem'ry of all vanish'd love!

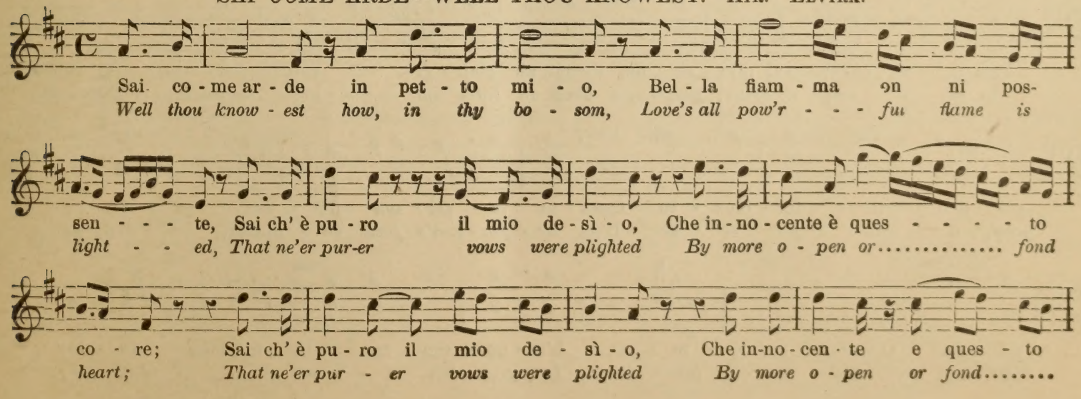
[*Exeunt.*

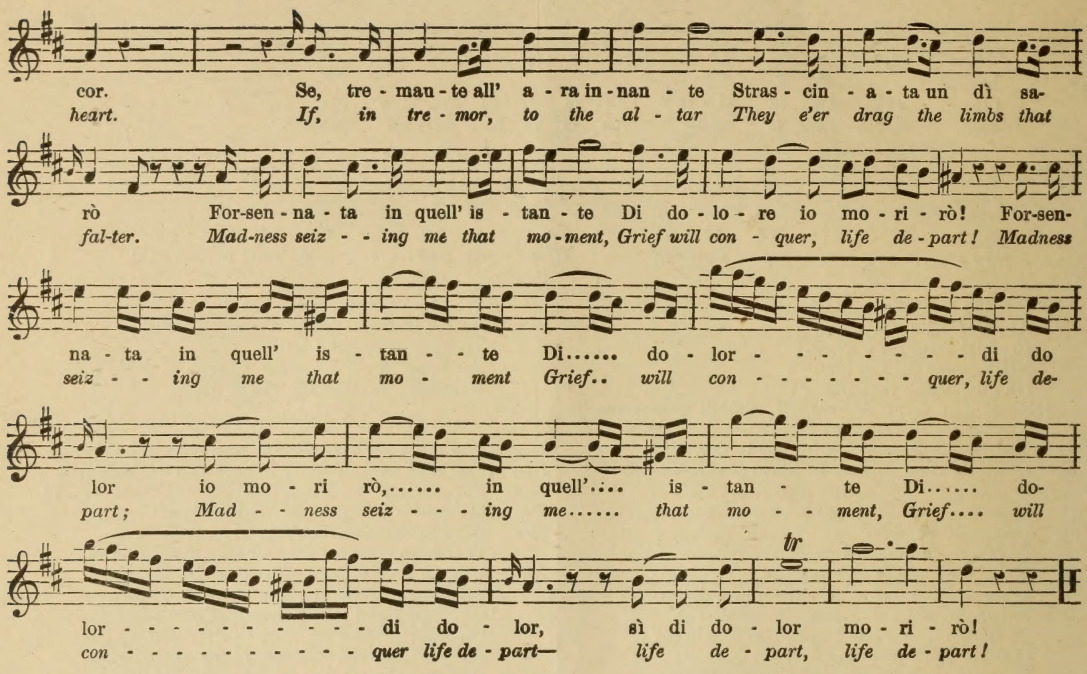
SCENE II.—*The Apartment of Elvira.—Gothic windows, through which the fortifications are perceived.*

ELVIRA *and Sir* GEORGE.

Elv. Oh, my lov'd uncle! my fond, my second father!
Sir G. Why art sorrowful? Embrace me, Elvira.
Elv. Ah, call me thy daughter!
Sir G. My daughter! A name tis,
That bringeth consolation to my old age.
By the sweet time spent watching o'er thy life,
By the sweet tears that on this joyous day
Pour from my eyes upon my breast—this day,—
This day, dear daughter, thou a bride shalt be.
Elv. Bride? Alas, never!

SAI COME ARDE—WELL THOU KNOWEST. AIR. ELVIRA.

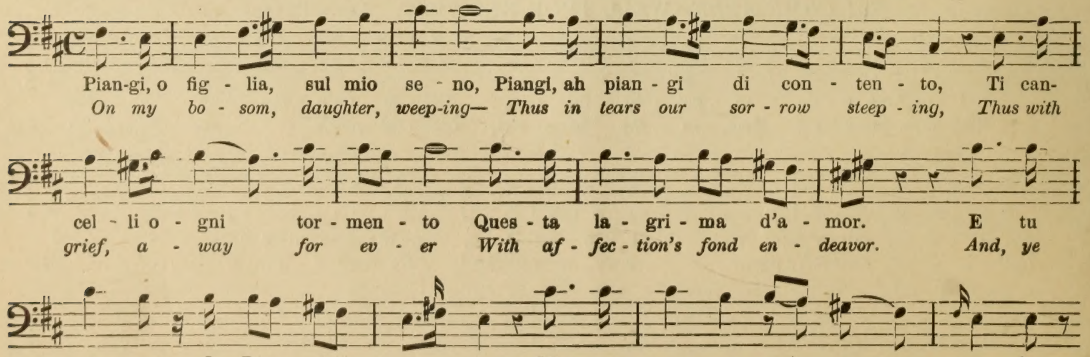


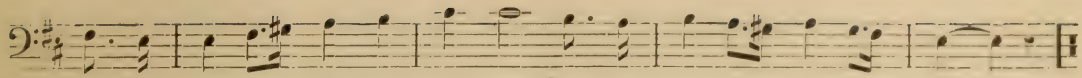


Sir G. Scaccia ormai pensier sì nero!
Elv. Morir sì! sposa no mai—
Sir G. Che dirai, se il Cavaliero
Quì vedrai, se tuo sarà?
Elv. Ciel! repeti chi verrà.
Sir G. Egli stesso!
Elv. Egli chi?
Sir G. Arturo.
Elv. E fia vero?
Sir G. Oh, figlia, il giuro!
Elv. Desso? Arturo?
Sir G. Arturo.
Elv. Oh, gioja!
Sir G. / *Elv.* } Non è sogno Oh Arturo, / Oh Elvira, Oh, amor!
[*Alvira s' abbandona tra le braccia dello Zio.*

Sir G. Ah, such gloomy thoughts dispel thou!
Elv. I shall die! but never marry—
Sir G. Should the warrior thou here shalt see
Prove thine own, what wouldst thou say?
Elv. Heav'ns! oh, say that he cometh.
Sir G. It is he!
Elv. Is this true?
Sir G. 'Tis Arthur.
Elv. Can it be?
Sir G. My child, I swear it!
Elv. Himself? dear Arthur?
Sir G. 'Tis Arthur.
Elv. Oh, rapture!
Sir G. / *Elv.* } It is no dream! Arthur / Elvira O, love!
[*Elvira throws herself into Sir George's arms.*

PIANGI, O FIGLIA—ON MY BOSOM, DAUGHTER. Air. Giorgio.





Elv. Quest' alma al duolo avvezza,
Sì vinta è dal gioir, che ormai non può capìr
Sì gran dolcezza!
Chi mosse a' miei desir? il genitor?
Sir G. Ascolta.
Torgea la notte folta,
Tacea la terra e il ciel,—
Parea natura avvolta
D' un fosco e mesto vel!
L' ora propizia a' miseri,
Il tuo pregar, tue lagrime,
M' avvalorar sì l' anima,
Ch' io corsi al genitor.
Elv. Oh, mio consolator!
Sir G. Incominciai,—"Germano"—
Nè più potei parlar,
Allor bagnai sua mano
D' un muto lagrimar;
Poi ripigliai, tra gemiti:
L' angelica tua Elvira
Al prode Artùr sospira –
Se ad altre nozze andrà,
La misera! morrà!
Elv. Oh, spirito di pietà, sceso dal ciel per me!
[*Con ansietà.*] E il padre—
Sir G. Ognor tacea.
Elv. Poscia—
Sir G. Sclamò, "Riccardo
Chiese e ottenea mia fè;
Ei la mia figlia avrà!"
Elv. Ciel! sol a udirti io palpito!
E tu?
Sir G. "La figlia misera,"
Io ripetea, "morrà!"
"Ah, viva," èi mi dice,
E stringemi al cor.
"Sia Elvira felice,
Sia lieta d' amor!"
[*Mentre Elvira nuovamente corre fra le braccia dello zio, e vuol parlare, odesi fuori della fortezza un suono di corni da caccia.*
Elv. Odi! qual suon si desta?
Sir G. Ascoltiam—ti rassicura.
Elv. Vien lo suon dalla foresta.
Sir G. E il segnal di gente d' arme,
Che dal vallo nelle mura chiede forse penetrar.

ARMIGERI, *fuori della Fortezza.*

Viene il prode e nobil Conte,
Artur Talbo Cavalier!
Sir G. Non tel dissi?
Elv. Ah, padre mio! [*Abbracciando Sir Giorgio.*
Sir G. Pago alfin è il tuo desio.

ARMIGERI, *dentro la Fortezza.*

Lord Arturo varchi il ponte!
Fate campo al prò guerrier!
Sir G. A quel suono, al nome amato,
Al tuo core or presta fede.
Questo giorno venturato!
D' ogni gioja è bel forier!
Elv. A quel nome, al mio contento.
Al mio core io credo appena?
Tanta gioja, oh, Dio, pavento,
Non ho lena, a sostener!

Elv. Ah! my soul, to grief accustom'd,
Is so o'ercome by joy, that it scarcely can sustain
This unexpected bliss!
But who has forestall'd my hopes? was it my sire?
Sir G. Just listen.
The night was growing dark,
And heav'n and earth were silent,—
Enwrapp'd appear'd all nature
As in a sombre veil!
Favorable the sad hour,
Thy pray'rs gave courage to my soul,
And to thy sire I went.

Elv. Oh, my consoler dear!
Sir G. Thus I began,—"My brother"—
Beyond I could not speak,
Till, having bathed his hands
In silent tears awhile, I then went on
Amid my sobs,—"your angel-like Elvira
For the valiant Arthur pining—
Should she another wed,
Oh, wretched, wretched one! she dies!"

Elv. Oh, angel of mercy, come to earth for me!
[*Anxiously.*] And my father—
Sir G. Was mute a while.
Elv. And then—
Sir G. And then said, "Richard ask'd
And obtained my promise:
He must have my child!"
Elv. Heav'ns! thou mak'st my sad heart palpitate.
And thou!
Sir G. "Thy unhappy child," repeated I, "will die."
"Oh! say not so," he cried,
And pressed me to his heart.
"Ah! let Elvira live,—
Ah! may she be happy—
Let her live in love!"

[*Elvira again embraces her Uncle, trying to speak.—A hunting-horn is heard.*

Elv. Listen! what sound can that be?
Sir G. Let us hear—what means it? Assure thyself.
Elv. 'Tis from the forest sounding.
Sir G. 'Tis the sound of men at arms,
Who by that signal to the fortress ask admission.

MEN AT ARMS, *from without the Fortress.*

See the brave and noble warrior,
Count Arthur Talbot, comes!
Sir G. Ah, said I not so?
Elv. Oh, my dear father! [*Embracing Sir George.*
Sir G. Now all thy hopes are crowned.

MEN AT ARMS, *within the Fortress.*

Lord Arthur traverses the bridge!
Room for the valorous warrior!
Sir G. On that beloved name, that blissful sound,
Let thy heart's faith be ever fixed solely.
This day precursor of joy will prove!
Fair Fortune has this day crown'd!
Elv. In that beloved name is my content.
Yet, my heart! how bear a joy thus holy?
Beneath the weight of unthought blisses bent,
Strength of soul and frame is spent!

Coro d' Armigeri, Araldi e Castellane dentro le scene, dal lato per ove si crede che Arturo faccia il suo ingresso nella fortezza.

Ad Arturo, de' Cavalieri,
Bel campione in giostra e amor,
Le donzelle ed i guerrieri,
Fanno festa e fanno onor! [*Partono.*

SCENA III.—*Sala d' Arme con logge vaste, ove t' architettura Gotica mostra la intera sua pompa—il fondo della scena è aperto.—Fra le colonne si veggono sempre alcune troccie delle fortificazioni, ec.—Dal lato destro esce Lord* ARTURO *con alcuni scudieri e paggi, li quali recano varii doni nuziali, e tra questi si vedrà un magnifico velo bianco.—Dal lato sinistro escono* ELVIRA, VALTON, *Sir* GIORGIO, *Damigelle con Castellani e Castellane che portano festoni di fiori e gl' intrecciano alle colonne.—Dal fondo della scena escono i Soldati guidati da* BRUNO *che fanno corteggio e danno compimento al decoro della festa.*

Uom. Ad Arturo—
Don. A Elvira—
Elv. Onor!
Tutti. Coroniam beltà e valor!
Damigelle. Ella è fior di verginelle,
Bella al par di primavera;
Come l' astro della sera
Spira all' alma pace e amor.
Scudieri. Bello egli è tra' cavalieri,
Com' è il cedro alla foresta,
In battaglia egli è tempesta;
E campione, in giostra e amor.

Chorus of Men at Arms, Heralds, &c., Villagers within.

To Lord Arthur, of all brave Knights,
The most mighty in love and battle,
Ye fair maidens and ye warriors,
Songs of praise and homage make. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A vast Armory of splendid Gothic architecture—the back of the scene opens, and fortifications seen through the columns.—From the right, enter Lord* ARTHUR, *attended by Esquires and Pages bearing nuptial presents, amongst which is a magnificent white veil.—From the left, enter Ladies and Villagers with garlands, which they wreathe around the columns.—From the back of the scene* BRUNO *leads in a procession of Soldiers.*

Men. To Arthur—
Wom. To Elvira—
Elv. Honor!
All. Let us crown valor and beauty!
Ladies. She's the fairest flower of virgins,
She's as beautiful as spring-time;
Like the evening star she fills
Souls with peace and joy and love.
Esquires. He 'mongst warriors is distinguished
As the cedar amongst the trees,
When in battle's fiercest tempest;
When in tourney soft as love.

A TE O CARA—OFTEN, DEAREST.

ARTHUR.

A te o ca - ra, a - mor ta - lo - ra, a - mor ta - lo - ra mi gui - do fur - tivo e in
Of - ten, dear - est, to thy sweet pres - ence, to thy sweet pres-ence, Love hath led me sad and

pian - - - - - - to or mi gui - da, a te d'ac - can - to, a te d'ac-
tear - - - - - - ful. Now he guides me, e - late and cheer - ful, e - late and

can - to trà la gio - ia trà la gio - ia e l'e - sul tan tra la gio - ia e l'e - sul-
cheer - ful Mid re - joic - ings, mid re - joic - ings to thy side, mid re - joic - ings to thy

GEO.

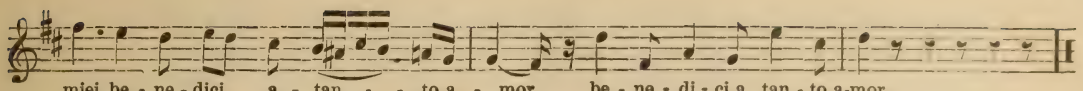
tar. Senza oc - ca - so ques-ta au-ro - ra mai null' om-bra o duol vi - dia santa in voi la fiam - ma
side. May no set - ting close this dawn-ing, No dark shad-ow fall be - fore them, May love's flame, still shining

ELV. ART.

si - a pace og - nor v'alli - e-ti il cor! Ah! mio Ar-turo! Ah! El - vi - ra
e'er them, Ev - er bright, still be their guide. Ar - thur dear-est! Be - lov - ed El-

ELV. ART. ELV.

mia or son tu - a si mia tu se - i cielo ar - ri - dia vo - - ti
vi - ra! Now I am thine love! Yes thou art mine love! Heav'n will smile up - on our



Sir G. } Senza occaso questa aurora!
Val. } Mai null' ombra o duol vi dia!
Santa in voi la fiamma sia!
Pace ognor v' allieti il cor!
Elv. Oh, mio Arturo!
Art. Ah, Elvira mia!
Elv. Or son tua!
Art. Sì, mia tu sei!
Tutti. Cielo arridi a' voti miei,
Benedici a fede e amor!

Entra VALTON.

Val. [*Dopo avere piano detto un motto a Bruno, che s' inchina e parte.*]
Tu m' intendesti: fia mortal delitto
A chi s' attenta escir da queste mura
Se non abbia il mio assenso,—oh, cari figli,
Si compia senza me l' augusto rito:
Mercè di questo scritto
Voi, sino al tempio, aperto passo avrete:
[*A Arturo, cui dà un foglio.*
[*A Sir Giorgio.*] Tu gli accompagnerai.

BRUNO *giunge con* ENRICHETTA.

Val. Oh! nobil Dama,
L' alto Anglican Sovrano Parlamento
Ti chiama al suo cospetto;—io ti son scorta.
Enr. (Ahimè, che sento!)
E che da me si chiede?
Val. A me solo s' addice—
[*Esitando, poi colla figlia s' accosta ai doni nuziali guardandoli, ec.*
Obbedir e tacer. Altro non lice.
Art. [*A Sir Giorgio in disparte.*]
E de' Stuardi amica?
Sir G. [*Ad Arturo in disparte.*] E prigioniera
Da molte lune, e fu da ognun creduta
Amica de' Stuardi e messaggiera,
Sotto mentite spoglie.
[*Valton gli fa cenno colla mano e gli parla all' orecchio.*
Art. Oh. Dio! che ascolto? E deciso il suo fato:
Essa è perduta? oh sventurata!
[*Da sé, ma guardando pietosamente Enrichetta.*
Enr. [*Accorgendosi del guardar pietoso di Arturo,*]
Qual pietà in quel volto!
Val. O figli: al tempio, e alle pompose feste,
Accorra ognun—la nuziale veste
Va, o diletta, indossar. Ite voi seco—
[*Ad Elvira, poi alle Damigelle.*
Fuori del vallo i miei destrier sien presti: [*A Bruno.*
Chè in breve io qui sarò.—La nostra andata
[*Ad Enrichetta.*
Ci è forza d' affrettar! Com' io v' unisca
E a voi sorrida il Cielo, o coppia amata!
[*Valton unisce nuovamente le destre di Elvira e di Arturo, li benedice e parte colle Guardie.—Giorgo ed Elvira partono colle Damigelle.—Arturo fa sembiante di partirsi, ma guarda attentamente all' intorno, quasi per assicurarsi che tutti sono andati.*
Enr. Pietà e dolore
Ha in fronte e fanno sicurtà del core.
[*Guardando attentamente Arturo.*] Cavalier!

Sir G. } May this dawn be ne'er o'ercast!
Wal. } May gloom or grief ne'er veil me!
Holy be the flame you feel!
Peace and gladness in your hearts!
Elv. Oh, my dear Arthur!
Art. My own Elvira!
Elv. Now am I thine!
Art. Yes, thou art mine!
All. Heaven smiles upon our vows,
Blesses constancy and love!

Enter WALTON.

Wal. [*After speaking in a whisper to Bruno, who bows and retires.*]
Thou'st understood me: all attempts to pass
The walls, with my consent unask'd,
A mortal penalty shall visit,—you,
Dear children, to the altar go
Without me: this
[*Addressing Arthur, and presenting a paper to him.*
will gain admittance there.
Thou [*To Sir George*] accompany them.

Enter HENRIETTA, *conducted by* BRUNO.

Wal [*To Henrietta.*] Oh! noble lady,
The English Parliament cites thee before it;—
I'm to escort thee.
Hen. (Ah, me! what hear I?)
What seek they with me?
Wal. My only duty is—
[*Hesitates, goes to his Daughter, and examines the wedding presents.*
To be silent and obey. I must submit.
Art. [*Aside, to Sir George.*]
Is she a friend to the Stuarts?
Sir G. [*Aside.*] She's been imprisoned for many months,
And was thought their emissary,
And with a name assumed.
[*Walton converses aside with Sir George.*
Art. Oh, Heavens! what say'st thou? Ah, yes, I see it!
Is she then doom'd? her lot is cast!
[*Aside, looking compassionately at Henrietta.*
Hen. [*Perceiving Arthur's sympathizing looks.*]
There's pity in those features!
Wal. And now to the temple—after to the feast!
Go, child, attire thyself in nuptial vestments;—
[*To the Ladies.*] Attend you on her—and thou,
[*Addressing Bruno.*] Have my horses
In readiness in the valley.—I shall return
In a short space—but I must hasten now.
Even as I do, thus may Heaven unite
And bless this pair beloved!
[*Walton unites anew the hands of Elvira and Arthur, bestows his benediction, and departs with his Guards.—Sir George and Elvira go out, attended by the Ladies.—Arthur is apparently retiring, but glances around, to see that all have departed.*
Hen. Pious compassion
Sits on that forehead, portrays the heart.
[*With an intense look at Arthur.*] Cavalier!

Art. S' or ti è d' uopo di consiglio,
[*Arturo torna ad Enrichetta.*
Di soccorso e d' aita, in me t' affida!
[*Con franchezza leale.*
Enr. Se mi stesse sul capo alto periglio?
[*Con mistero e fiducia.*
Art. Deh, parla—Oh, Dio! che temi?
Enr. Breve ora, e sarò spenta! [*Arturo fa un segno, di fremito.*] Ah, tu ne fremi!
Art. Sì, fremo—io fremo,
Per te, per me, pel padre mio, che spento,
Cadea fido a' Stuardi.
[*Con risoluzione.*] E tu, chi sei?
[*Con entusiasmo.*] O chi tu sii, ti vuo' salvar.

Enr. E tardi! figlia a Enrico,
E a Carlo sposa—pari ad essi avrò la sorte!
Art. [*S' inginnochia.*] Oh, Regina!
Enr. Attendo morte!
Art. [*Alzandosi.*] Taci! ah taci per pietà!
Fuor le mura, a tutti ascosa
Ti trarrò per vie sicure;—
Tu n' andrai di quì:—
Enr. Di qui alla scure! scampo e speme!—
Oh, Arturo, non v' ha!
Art. No, Regina, ancor v' é speme!
O te salva, o spenti insieme.
Enr. Cangia, o Arturo, il pio consiglio:
Pensa al tuo mortal periglio;
Pensa a Elvira, il tuo tesoro—
Che ti attende al sacro altar!
Art. Non parlar di lei che adoro,
Di valor non mi spogliar.
Enr. Sventurata prigioniera,
Il mio fato io seguirò,—
Giunse a me l' estrema sera,
Per te l' alba incominciò.
Art. Sarai salva, o sventurata,
O la morte incontrerò,
E la vergin mia adorata
Nel morire invocherò.

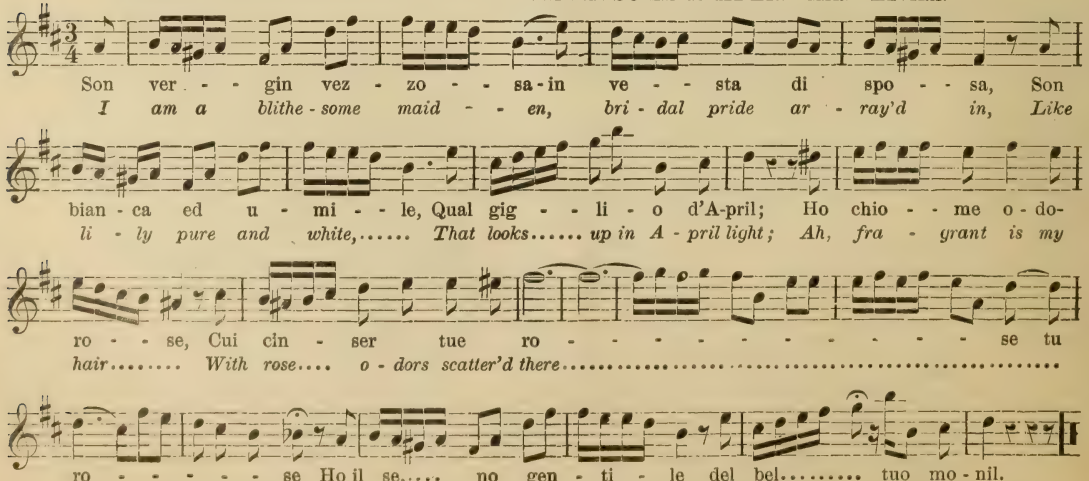
Entra ELVIRA, *ha il capo coronato di rose: ha un bellissimo monile di perle al collo.—Si vede per altro che le manca il compimento della pompa nuziale.—Entra in iscena avendo nelle mani il magnifico velo bianco regalatole da Arturo.*

Art. If aid or counsel may avail thee,
[*Turning towards Henrietta*
In me you may confide.
[*With an air of frankness.*
Hen. Suppose a great danger hung o'er my head—
[*With a mysterious and confidential air.*
Art. Speak freely—Oh, Heav'ns! what fear you?
Hen. A brief hour, and I must die! [*Arthur shudders.*
Ah, you shudder!
Art. For you—
For myself, I tremble for my father's memory,
Who died for the Stuarts.
[*Resolutely.*] But say, who are you?
Be whom you may,
[*Enthusiastically.*] You shall be sav'd.
Hen. 'Tis too late! Henry's daughter
And Charles's wife—like their fate will be my own!
Art. [*Kneeling.*] Oh, my lov'd Queen!
Hen. 'Tis death I look for!
Art. [*Rising.*] Silence! for pity's sake, say not so.
Behind these walls awhile concealed,
By sure ways I will lead you;—
You from here shall go:—
Hen. Ah, yes, to the scaffold!—Oh, Arthur,
No hope is left me!
Art. Yes, my Queen, there is still hope!
I'll preserve thee, or with thee perish.
Hen. Arthur, renounce this kind intention:
Think what danger may ensue;
Think also of your dear Elvira at the altar—
At the altar awaiting you.
Art. Nay, speak not of my ador'd one,
From my heart thou'lt drive the courage.
Hen. A hapless captive, I submit to fate—
To me the evening of life is come,
Thy day has hardly dawned.

Art. Unhappy Queen! thou shalt be saved,
E'en should my life be the price:
While dying, I will murmur low
The cherish'd name of her I love.

Enter ELVIRA, *who wears a crown of roses and a pearl necklace.—Something appears incomplete about her wedding array.—In her hand she carries the veil presented to her by Arthur.*

SON VERGIN VEZZOSA—I AM A BLITHESOME MAIDEN. AIR. ELVIRA.


Son ver - - gin vez - zo - - sa - in ve - - sta di spo - - sa, Son
I am a blithe - some maid - - en, bri - dal pride ar - ray'd in, Like
bian - ca ed u - mi - - le, Qual gig - - li - o d'A-pril; Ho chio - - me o - do-
li - ly pure and white,..... That looks..... up in A - pril light; Ah, fra - grant is my
ro - - se, Cui cin - ser tue ro - - -

Enr. } Se miro il suo candor,
Art. } Mi par la luna, allor
Sir G. } Che tra le nubi appar,
La notte a consolar.
Se ascolto il suo cantar,
Un angelo mi par,—
Che intuoni al primo albor.
Inni al superno amor.

Elv. Dama, s' è ver che m' ami—
Enr. Dimmi, o gentil: che brami?
Elv. Qual muttutina stella
Bella vogl' io brillar!
Del crin le molli anella,—
Mi giova ad aggrazziar.
Enr. Elvira, mia diletta, son presta al tuo pregar.
[*Elvira si accosta ad Enrichetta invitandola ad insegnarle di acconciare il velo.*
Art. } Fanciulla e semplicetta,
Sir G. } Ognor desìa scherzar!
Scusare a te s' aspetta
Suo troppo vezzeggiar.
[*Ad Enrichetta quasi scusando la infantile preghiera di Elvira.*
Elv. A illeggiadrir mia prova,
Deh, non aver a vil!
Il velo in foggia nova
Sul capo tuo gentil!
[*Elvira vuol porre il velo sul capo d' Enrichetta. Arturo nol vorrebbe; ma la Regina gli fa cenno d' allontanarsi, e risponde scherzando ad Elvira.*
Enr. Il vezzo tuo m' alletta
Mi è caro a secondar.
Elv. O bella, ti celo,
Le anella del crin,
Com' io nel bel velo,
Mi voglio celar.
Ascosa, o vezzosa,
Nel velo divin,
Or sembri la sposa,
Che vassi all' altar.
[*Arturo nel ritornello dell' aria d' Elvira alle parole "Or sembri la sposa," fa un gesto rimarchevole, e quasi d' idea che gli corre per la mente.*
Enr. Ascosa in bianco vel,
Or posso, oh, Dio, celar
L' affanno, il palpitar,
L' angoscia del mio con,
Deh, tu pietoso Ciel,
Raccogli con favor
Da prece di dolor
Ch' osai a te levar!
Art. Oh, come da quel vel,
Che le nasconde il crin,
Veggio un splendor divin
Di speme a balenar.
Deh tu, pietoso ciel,
M' avviva il tuo favor,
Mi fa da un reo furor
La vittima salvar!
Sir G. Elvira col suo vel,
Un zeffiretto appar,
Un iride sul mar,
Un silfo, in grembo ai fior.
[*Guardandola con paterna compiacenza.*
T' arrida, o cara, il Ciel
Col roseo suo favor,
Tal ch' io ti veggio ognor
Tra' vezzi a giubbilar!
[*Valton dentro la scena, e Coro di Damigelle, che compariscono sulle soglie degli appartamenti, ripetendo le parole di Valton.*

Hen. } Her frankness shines before me,
Art. } Like moonbeams which restore me,
Sir G. } Through clouds that darken o'er me,
Calm gladness of the night.
And when her voice steals on me,
An angel's tongue has won me,—
An angel who above
Hymns the supernal love,
When day is dawning bright.
Elv. Lady, if you love me truly—
Hen. Speak, what is't you wish?
Elv. Oh, I would shine as brightly
As the morning star!
Ah! touch these tresses lightly,—
I wish to grace my hair.
Hen. Elvira, my delight, how gladly I obey!
[*Elvira motions Henrietta to arrange her veil.*
Art. } A child with spirits innocent,
Sir G. } How natural her play!
You will look indulgent
On her frolic gay.
[*To Henrietta, as if excusing the infantile freedom of Elvira.*
Elv. Ah, if my effort fail now,
Do not the action scorn!
With what a grace the veil
Might be in this way worn!
[*Elvira proceeds to put the veil over Henrietta, which Arthur would prevent, but the Queen makes a sign to him to desist, and answers Elvira playfully.*
Hen. In your pleasant sporting
I am pleas'd to share.
Elv. In this veil I hide,
Sweet one! your fine hair,—
As I would e'en myself, dear,
Be closely hidden there.
And with this veil so lovely,
O'er thy beauties flowing,
Thou'lt seem the chosen bride,
To the holy altar going.
[*Arthur appears struck with a sudden idea by the words "Thou'lt seem the chosen bride."*
Hen. Now hidden in this veil,
Unseen by other eyes,
The cares upon my face are graven still.
The tortur'd bosom sighs;
And, oh, most pitying Heaven,
Receive indulgently
The prayers which in my grief
I offer up to thee!
Art. Yes! from the veil
That is her beauty's prison,
Rays of joyful gladd'ning hopes
Within my heart have ris'n.
Be thou propitious, Heav'n!
And lend me gracious aid,
That she, the destined victim, now
Oppression may evade!
Sir G. Elvira with her veil
Comes shining like a zephyr,
Like a rainbow o'er the sea,
Or a sylph amid the flowers.
[*He surveys her with fatherly complacency.*
May Heaven still look on thee
With richest, rosiest smiles!
And may ever thee behold
In mirth and harmless wiles.
[*Walton in the side scene, and Chorus of Ladies at the door of the apartment repeating his words.*

Val. } Elvira, Elvira!
Cho. } Il dì l' ore avanza!
Elv. Se il padre s' adira,
Io volo a mia stanza!
Ma poscia, oh, fedel,
Tu posami il vel? [*Con vezzo semplice.*
Art. } Se il padre s' adira
Sir G. } Ah riedi a tua stanza!
Enr. } Sarà il tuo fedel,
Che t' orni del vel!

[*Elvira parte colle Damigelle e con Giorgio.*

[*Arturo, guarda con grande sospetto all' intorno nuovamente, a trae dalla cintura il foglio avuto da Valton.*

Enr. Sulla verginea testa d' una felice
Un bianco vel s' addice, a me non già.
[*Da sè, stessa in atto di deporre il velo.*
Art. [*Correndo a lei, e trattenendola.*] T' arresta!
E chiaro don del ciel! così ravvolta,
Deluderai la vigilante scolta,—
Tu mia sposa parrai.
[*Con risoluzione.*] Vieni!

Enr. Che dici mai? tu corri a tua ruina,
A orribil sorte!
Art. [*Le afferra la mano, in atto di forzarla a partire.*]
Vieni, ah, vieni per pietà—T' involo a certa morte!

Entra RICCARDO *con spada ignuda, e con aspetto e accento disperato.*

Ric. Ferma! invan rapir pretendi
Ogni ben ch' io aveva in terra.
Quì ti sfido a mortal guerra—
Trema, ah trema del mio acciar!
Art. Sprezzo—o audace, il tuo furore,
La mortal disfida accetto:
Questo ferro nel tuo petto,
Sino all' elsa io vuò piantar.

[*Per battersi: Enrichetta si frappone—il velo si scompone, e il suo volto si scuopre.*

Enr. Pace! pace!
Ah v' arrestate, per me sangue non versate!
Ah che fai?
Ric. [*Con stupore, e appoggiandosi alla spada.*]
La prigioniere?
Enr. Dessa io son.
Art. [*A Riccardo.*] Tua voce altera. Or col ferro sosterrai
—vien.
Ric. [*Freddamente.*]
No: con lei, tu illeso andrai.
Art. Con lei? È fia ver?
Enr. Qual favella?
Ric. Più non vieto a voi l' andar. [*Freddamente da sè.*
Art. Se il destino a te m' invola,
O mia Elvira, o amor mio santo,
Un sospiro a te sen vola,
E ti dice in suon di pianto:—
"Ti consola!" io lungi e in guai
T' amerò com io t' amai!
Ric. Parti, o stolto! e prova intanto
Quel dolor che a me serbavi;
Tu vivrai deserto e in pianto
Giorni ascuri, eterni e gravi.
Patria e amor tu perderai,
Fia tua vita un mar di guai!
Enr. Sogno? a avrò conforto al pianto,
Avrò tregua a dì si gravi?
Sogno? o andrommi al figlio accanto
Tra gli amplessi suoi soavi?
Tanto ben, se, oh Dio, sognai,
Non mi far destar giammai!

Wal. } Elvira, Elvira!
Cho. } The day is advancing!
Elv. If my father is angry,
In my room I'll conceal me;
But then, thou, oh dearest,
To veil me wilt come? [*With simplicity.*
Art. } If thy father is angry
Sir G. } In thy room, then, conceal thee;
Hen. } And thither thy lover
To veil thee will come.

[*Elvira goes out attended by Bridemaids and Sir George.*

[*Arthur, looking cautiously about him, takes from his belt the paper given to him by Walton.*

Hen. Upon the head of youthful happy maiden
Well suits a white veil, but not on mine.
[*Aside, and attempting to remove the veil.*
Art. [*Hastening towards her.*] Desist thou!
It e'en was Heav'n's will
To veil thee thus:—for, thus attired
The vigilant guard thou'lt baffle,
Who'll take thee for the bride.
[*Resolutely.*] Come, then!
Hen. What is't thou say'st? thou rushest upon ruin!
To fate most dreadful!
Art. [*Seizing her hand, to induce her to follow him.*]
Come, come—in mercy, come!

Enter RICHARD, *his sword drawn, and with an aspect of despair.*

Ric. Stay! nor vainly think to steal
My sole treasure priz'd on earth.
To mortal combat I here challenge thee—
Tremble, tremble at my sword!
Art. I despise—despise, bold man, thy fury!
And thy mortal challenge take I:
To the hilt, within thy bosom,
I'll bury deep my sword!
[*The combat is commencing when Henrietta throws herself between the combatants—her veil is deranged, and her face discovered.*
Hen. Peace!
Sheathe your weapons! be no blood shed for me.
Art. What hast thou done?
Ric. [*Amazed, and leaning on his sword.*]
See I the pris'ner?
Hen. Yes; 'tis I.
Art. [*To Richard.*] Come, let thy weapon sustain thy words so lofty.
Ric. [*With apparent indifference.*]
No: thou mayst go in safety with her.
Art. What say you? Is it true?
Hen. What mean these words?
Ric. I shall not stop your going. [*Coldly—aside.*
Art. If fate should tear thee from me,
My Elvira sweet, my own,
One sigh I send unto thee,
That will say in plaintive tone:—
"Console thyself!" afar, in woe,
I shall love as now I do.
Ric. Go, thou madman! be it thine
To feel pangs reserved for me;
Lonely shalt thou live and pine,
Long hours wasting drearily.
From both love and country torn,
Thou shalt only live to mourn.
Hen. Do I dream? can time have won
My heart from sorrow's hold?
Do I dream? or yet my son
Will these fond arms enfold?
If I dream, may nothing break
The spell—Oh, may I ne'er awake!

Coro. [*Dentro le scena.*] Genti, a festa!
Al tempio andiamo!
Art. / *Enr.* } Gente appressa, oh, ciel fuggiamo!
Ric. Sì fuggite—il vuole un Dio!
Art. Pria che siam oltre le mura parlerai?
[*Per partire poi si volta.*
Ric. No: t' assecura.
Art. Tu lo giura?
Ric. Si: il giuro!
Tutti. Addio! [*Partono.*

Entra Riccardo, Sir Giorgio, Bruno, Valton, Elvira, *con Damigelle in pompa di nozze, indi Soldati, Puritani, Castellani e Castellane.*

Ric. [*Con estrema ansietà guarda dalle loggie, e quasi segue coll' occhio i passi dei due fuggiaschi.*
E già al ponte—passa il forte—
E alle porte—già n' andò!
Coro. [*Escendo.*] Al tempio, al tempio!
A festa!
Elv. Dov' è Artur?
Ric. Dianzi fu quì.
Elv. Ove sei, O Artur?
Ric. Partì!
[*Suono di tamburo nella fortezza.—Tutti guardano fuori delle loggie.*
Elv. / *Ric.* / *Sir G.* } Già fuor delle mura,
Loggiù alla pianura!
1 *Cho.* [*A Valton.*] La tua prigioniera,
La rea messaggiera,
Col vil cavaliero?
2 *Cho.* Ciascun su un destriero!
Spronando, volando.
Tutti. Mirate colà!
[*Quadro generale—Elvira getta un grido.*
Val. Soldati accorrette, coi bronzi tuonate,
All' arme appellate, correte, volate!
Pel crin trascinate i due traditor!
[*Si vede gran movimento di Soldati e di gente.—Poi, dopo il grido all' arme che si ripete dentro la scena, si sente battere la generale.—La campana del forte suona a stormo: il cannone spara a lenti intervalli.—Elvira fa alcuni passi meccanicamente, poi resta immota dopo qualche doloroso grido.*
Tutti. All' arme!
Val. [*A Bruno.*] T' affretta.
Tutti. [*Di dentro.*] All' arme!
Val. / *Coro.* } Vendetta!
[*Valton gridando vendetta, snuda la spada e alla testa d' un drapello di Soldati parte.*
Ric. Oh, come si pasce, d' affanni e d' ambasce
L' ardor di vendetta, che m' ange e m' alletta!
Oh, come nel seno, si mesce il velono
Di sdegno e d' amor, di speme e dolor!
Elv. La dama d' Arturo è a bianco velata.
La guarda e sospira, sua sposa la chiama!
Elvira è la dama? non sono più Elvira?
[*Elvira è immobile, con gli occhi fissi e spalancata, si tocca la testa quasi per verificare se ha il velo—tutto in lei indica una subitanea follia.—Grida "No!" con voce disperata, poi resta immobite e mesta come prima.*
Sir G. / *Coro.* } Elvira, che dici?
Elv. Io Elvira! ah no—no, no!
Uom. La misera è pallida!
Don. E immobile e squallida!
Uom. Le luci no gira.
Don. Sorride e sospira—
Uom. Demente si fa.

Cho. [*Behind the scenes.*] Friends, to the feast!
Haste to the temple!
Art. / *Hen.* } People approach us, let us fly quickly!
Ric. Fly, then, quickly—Heav'n commands it!
Art. Wilt thou speak before we pass these walls?
[*He turns to depart.*
Ric. No: rest assur'd.
Art. Wilt thou swear it?
Ric. Yes: I swear it!
All. Farewell! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Richard, Sir George, Bruno, Walton, *and* Elvira, *with Ladies arrayed for the marriage festival; then Soldiers, Puritans, and Peasantry.*

Ric. [*Appearing at a balcony, whence he observes the fugitives.*]
The bridge they reach—they pass the fort—
Now the gates—they are gone!
Cho. [*Coming on the stage.*] Friends, to the feast!
Haste to the temple!
Elv. Where is Arthur?
Ric. Just now, he was here?
Elv. Arthur, where art thou?
Ric. He's fled!
[*A Drum heard within the fortress. All look out.*
Elv. / *Ric.* / *Sir G.* } Beyond the walls e'en now,
Away beyond the plain!
1 *Cho.* [*To Walton.*] E'en with your fair pris'ner,
The emissary vile,
And the knight unworthy!
2 *Cho.* All quickly to horse!
Mount, spur, and fly!
All. Behold! look there!
[*The Characters form a tableau—Elvira shrieking*
Wal. Haste, soldiers,—no time lose;
Quick, sound the alarum, and delay not!
To arms! but bring the traitors quickly!
[*There is a general movement among the Soldiers and people, and a cry of "to arms," which is repeated behind the scenes.—The alarm bell of the citadel sounds—the cannon are fired at intervals.—Elvira walks a few paces mechanically, remains motionless for an instant, then utters a piercing shriek.*
All. We'll arm us here!
Wal. [*To Bruno.*] Hasten!
All. [*Within.*] We'll arm us.
Wal. / *Cho.* } For vengeance!
[*Walton draws his sword, and rushes out at the head of a band of Soldiers.*
Ric. Oh, how the hunger grows fiercer and stronger
Of vengeance that grieves over what it achieves;
How mix'd are the feelings, how strange the revealings
Of love and disdain, of wild rapture and pain!
Elv. The lady of Arthur a white veil has o'er her.
He looks and he sighs, his bride her he calleth!
Is Elvira this lady? and am not I Elvira?
[*Elvira becomes motionless, with a fixed stare, and puts her hand to her head, feeling for the veil—all indicates approaching madness.—She cries "No!" despairingly, and remains motionless and melancholy.*
Sir G. / *Cho.* } Elvira, what say'st thou?
Elv. Elvira! Ah, no, no!
Men. How sadly pale! Unhappy one!
Wom. And motionless as colorless!
Men. The light has left her eyes.
Wom. Smiling and sighing—
Men. Reason deserts her.

Tutti. Oh Cieli, pietà!
[*Elvira nel suo delirio crede vedere Arturo, e dice questi versi con la più grande mestiza e delirante passione—poi torna immobile come prima.*
Elv. Arturo, ah già ritorni?
Dunque sei fido ancor!
Ah, vieni al tempio, fedel Arturo!
Eterna fede, mio ben, ti giuro;
Come oggi è puro sem pre avrò il core
Vivrò d' amore, morrò d' amor!
Don. Si crede all' ara.
Uom. Giura ad Arturo!
Don. Ella sì tenera.
Uom. Ei sì spergiuro.
Don. Ella sì candida.
Uom. Ei traditor.
Tutti. Misera vergine, morrà d' amor!
Ric. } Oh, come ho l' anima trista e dolente,
Coro. } Udendo i gemiti dell' innocente!
Oh, come perfido fu il traditore,
Che in tanti spasimi lasciò quel cor!
Sir G. Dio di clemenza, t' offro mia vita,
Se all' innocenza giovi d' aita.
Deh, sii clemente a un puro core!
Deh, sii possente sul traditor!
Ric. Più la miro, ho più doglia profonda,
E più l' alma s' accende in amor!
Ma più innaspra ed avvampa il furore,
Contro chi tanto ben m' involò!
Sir G. La mia prece pietosa e profonda,
Che a te vien sui sospir del dolore;
Tu clemente consola, o Signore,
Per la vergin cui l' empio immolò!
[*Elvira fa un moto quasi tornando a vedere Arturo che fugge.*
Elv. Ti veggo—già fuggi! O ingrato! abbandoni
Chi tanto t' amò! Arturo—
Oh, Dio! no!
Coro. Ahi, dura sciagura, ahi lutto e dolor!
Sì bella, sì pura del Ciel creatura
Nel dì del diletto schernita tradita,
Andrà maladetto il vil traditor!
Elv. Qual febbre vorace m' uccide, mi sface?
Qual fiamma, qual' ira mi avvampa e martira!
Fantasmi perversi fuggite dispersi!
O in tanto furor sbranatemi il cor!

CORO DI MALEDIZIONE.

Tutti. Maledizione!
Non caso, non spiaggia raccolga i fuggenti!
In odio del cielo, in odio a' viventi!
Battuti dai venti, da orrende tempeste,
Le odiate lor teste non possan posar!
Erranti, piangenti in orrida guerra
Col cielo, la terra, il mar, gli elementi,
Ognor maledetti in vita ed in morte;—
Sia eterna lor sorte, eterno il penar!

FINE DELL' ATTO PRIMO.

All. Have mercy, oh Heaven!
[*Elvira in her madness sees Arthur, and repeats the following words with passionate sorrow—then again becomes motionless.*
Dear Arthur, then, returned
Still faithful unto me!
Come to the temple, Arthur, my dearest!
And there I will pledge to thee endless faith;
A heart unchanging—pure in the love
It but lived for,—will cling to in death!
Wom. She thinks she's at the altar!
Men. Swearing to Arthur faith!
Wom. She is so loving.
Men. And he so perjured.
Wom. She is all truth.
Men. And he all treachery.
All. Poor hapless maiden, she'll die of love.
Ric. } O, 'tis o'erwhelming to see such sadness,
Cho. } To hear these sighs of innocence pure!
Base is the traitor who wrought the madness,
And brought affliction thus intense!
Sir G. Oh, God of Mercy! I'd my life offer,
If the innocent it might avail.
Look on this pure heart with grace divine,
And let thy power against the false prevail.
Ric. The more I look on her the more I grieve me,
And far greater grows my love,
With hate of him who dared bereave me
Of treasure which the world not elsewhere knows!
Sir G. The pious prayer, profound, sincere,
Ascends to thee, for maiden's woes;—
Oh, bounteous Lord! wilt thou not hear,
When borne on hapless sorrow's sigh?
[*Elvira imagines that she beholds Arthur again flying from her.*
Elv. I see thee—thou fliest! Ingrate! that deniest
One who loved thee so much!
Dear Arthur! Oh, Heaven! oh!
Cho. Oh, bitter misfortune! Oh, mourning and gloom!
Favor'd creature of Heav'n, can this be thy doom—
Thus crushed on the morning that promis'd thee joy?
But curses shall follow who thus could destroy!
Elv. What fever devouring my brain is o'erpow'ring!
What passion and rage all my bosom engage!
Oh, phantoms perverse! hurry from me—disperse!
Or break whilst you sadden the poor head you madden!

CHORUS OF MALEDICTION.

All. Malediction!
Shore receive not, and no house shelter,
Fugitives base whom Heaven gives over!
May hate of brave men and storms pursue them!
Shelterless, desolate, may winds pierce thro' them!
E'en with themselves, and with all in anger—
With heaven, with earth, and sea, and all the clangor
Of dark elements, their deadly strife be;—
Eternal their fate, and eternal their woes!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ATTO II.

SCENA I.—*Gran Sala con porte laterali; vedesi per una di esse il Campo Inglese e sempre qualche Fortificazione.*

Castellani e Castellane, Puritani, e BRUNO.

Tutti. Ahi! dolor! piangon le ciglia—si spezza il cor;
L' inferma figlia—morrà d' amor!

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A vast Chamber with side doors, one of which opens upon the English Camp and Fortifications.*

Villagers, Puritans, and BRUNO.

All. Ah! what grief! her eyes are weeping;—
Her heart is broken—of love Elvira dies!

1. Il duol l' invase.
2. La vidi errante tra folte piante.
3. Or per sue case
Gridando va "pietà," "pietà!"
4. Piangon le ciglia; si spezza il cor;—
L' inferma figlia—morrà d' amor!

Entra SIR GIORGIO, *dagli Appartamenti d' Elvira; poi* RICCARDO, *con foglio.*

CORO.

Don. Qual novella?
Sir G. Or prende posa.
Tutti. Miserella!
Don. E ognor dolente!
Sir G. Mesta e lieta.
Don. E senza tregua?
Sir G. Splende il senno, or si dilegua
Alla misera innocente.
Tutti. Come mai?
Sir G. Dir lo poss' io?
Se nel duol che m' ange il seno,
Ogni voce tremâ e muor!
Coro. Deh favella!
Sir G. Mi lasciate.
Coro. Ten preghiamo!
Sir G. Ah no, cessate!
[*Per partire, e li Castellani lo trattengono.*
Bru. } Deh ti muova quell' ambascia
Cho. } Che ci aggrava al tuo dolor!
Sir G. Siate paghi. V' appresate!
[*Tutti fanno cerchio intorno a Giorgio.*

1. Deep grief o'erwhelms her.
2. And wandering goes she, amid the forest.
3. And when at home,
Her cry is "pity," "pity!"
4. Her eyes are weeping; her heart is broken;—
Of love Elvira dies!

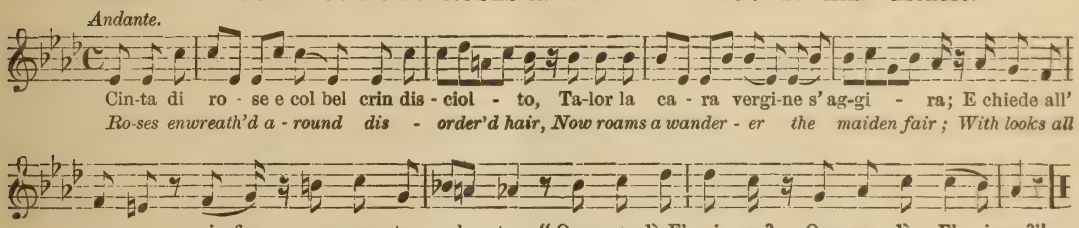
Enter SIR GEORGE, *from Elvira's Room, followed by* RICHARD, *with a paper in his hands.*

CHORUS.

Wom. Say, what tidings?
Sir G. She reposes now.
All. Ah, poor maiden!
Wom. And ever mournful?
Sir G. Sad now, then joyous.
Wom. Has she no rest?
Sir G. Sense returns, to leave as quickly:
The poor maiden appears insane.
All. Ah! what say you?
Sir G. Can I depict it?
Grief so sadly now oppresses,
That all my words die on my lips.
Cho. Speak in mercy!
Sir G. Ah, pray leave me.
Cho. We entreat thee!
Sir G. Ah, desist!
[*He is retiring, but is stopped by the Villagers.*
Bru. } Ah, be mov'd by the affliction
Cho. } That we now all share with thee.
Sir G. I will grant your wish. Approach.
[*All form a circle round Sir George.*

CINTA DI ROSE E COL BEL—ROSES ENWREATH'D AROUND. AIR. GEORGIO.

Andante.



Bianco vestita e qual se all' ara innante,
Adempie al rito e và cantando,
Il giuro, Poi grida, per amor tutta tremante,
"Ah, vieni Arturo."
Coro. Ahi, figlia misera! delira amor,—
Quanto fu barbaro it sedduttor!
Sir G. Geme talor, qual tortore amorosa,
Or cade vinta da mortal sudore;
Or l' odi al suon dell arpa lamentosa—
Cantar d' amore!
Or scorge Arturo nell' altrui sembiante,
Poi del suo inganno accorto e di sua sorte,
Geme, piange, s' affanna e ognor più amante,
Invoca morte!

Coro. Ahi, figlia misera! morrà d' amor,—
Scenda una folgore sul traditor!
[*Alle ultime parole, entra Riccardo, con un foglio.*
Ric. Di sua folgore il Ciel non sarà lento:
A scure infame è Artur Talbot dannato
Dall' Anglican Sovrano Parlamento!
Coro. E giusto fato!

Then clad in white, as at the altar standing,
The rites performing, the vow now utter'd,
She cries aloud, her spirit passion flutter'd,
"Come to me, Arthur,—oh, come to me."
Cho. Ah, miserable girl! by love o'erthrown,—
Merciless, indeed, was he who betray'd!
Sir G. At times she sigheth like the amorous dove,
Or 'neath her sorrows' great oppression sinketh;
Or with her harp she sings sad songs of love—
Of love she singeth!
Sometimes she sees her Arthur in another,
Then feels at once her error and her fate,
And sighs and weeps—love growing yet more great
Woe, and yet mightier passion, leave no other
Desire but death!
Cho. Ah, miserable girl! love has destroy'd,—
Ah, heav'n! let thy lightning strike down the traitor.
[*At the last words Richard comes forward, holding a paper in his hand.*
Ric. Yet not long will Heav'n withhold its lightning,
Doomed is Arthur to die the death of a traitor!
For know, the Parliament of England so decrees!
Cho. The doom is righteous!

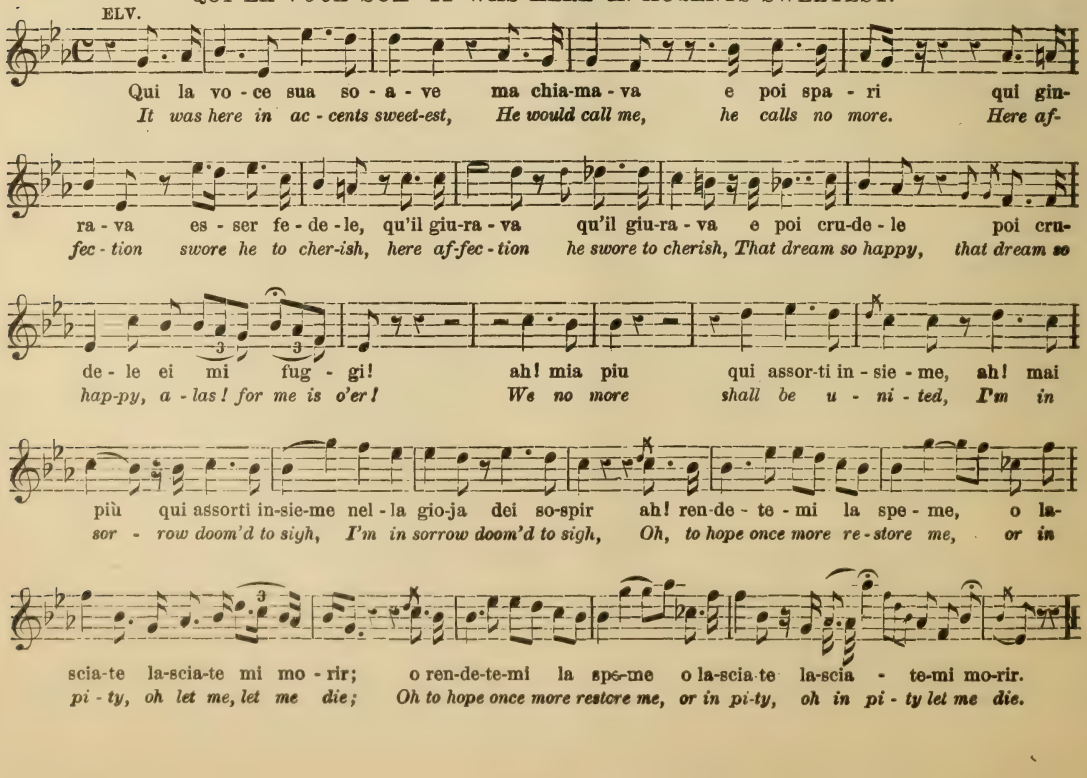
Ric. } Quaggiù, nel mal che questa valle serra,
Coro. } A' buonne a' tristi è memorando esempio.
Coro. Se la destra di Dio tremenda afferra
Il crin dell' empio !
[*Riccardo scorre coll' occhio il foglio che tiene aperto.—Segue a proclamare li Decreti del Parlamento.*
Ric. Di Valton l' innocenza a voi proclama
Il Parlamento, e a' primi onor lo chiama.
Coro. Qual doglia, Valton,
Se vedrai tua figlia insana ancor !
La tua diletta figlia !
Ric. Ed essa ? infuria ognor ?
Sir G. Sol quando
Un suon marzial misera sente
Più ricorda il fuggir del caro amante
E allor fossi furente.
Ric. E non v' ha speme alcuna ?
Sir G. Medic' arte n' assicura
Che una subita gioja, o gran sciagura
Potria sanar la mente sua smarrita.
Coro. Qual mai t' attende, o Artur, pena infinita !
Ric. In me duce premier, parla Cromvello,
Il vil, ch' è ognor in fuga,
E di sangue civil macchiò Inghilterra,
Cercate or voi. E se sua rea fortuna,
O malizia lo tragga a questa terra,
Non abbia grazia, nè pietade alcuna. [*Il Coro parte.*
Elv. [*Di dentro.*] O, rendetemi la speme,
O lasciatemi morir.
Sir G. Essa quì vien—la senti ?
O come è grave, il suon de' suoi lamenti.

Entra ELVIRA, *scapigliata e in veste bianca.—Il velto, il guardo, ed ogni passo ed atto di Elvira, palesano la sua pazzia.*

Ric. } To earth, abounding in all evil doings,
Cho. } It comes, a warning for both good and bad.
Cho. When God's right hand on impious man
In vengeance falleth !
[*Richard glances at the scroll, and continues.*
Ric. The Parliament pronounces Walton guiltless—
Gives back his honors, and also his high rank.
Cho. What grief for Walton,
Thus to find his child a witless maid !
His much-lov'd darling child !
Ric. Is she unchanged ? still frenzied ?
Sir G. Let a sound
Of martial music reach her, and it brings
To memory her lover's absence ; and all
Is storm and tempest in her mind.
Ric. Is hope abandoned ?
Sir G. The learn'd in healing science testify
That a great sudden joy, or equal woe,
Might re-establish reason.
Cho. Arthur, what endless agony awaits thee !
Ric. I, Colonel of Cromwell, in his name make known,
That you must seek the fugitive who stain'd
The soil of England with her children's blood ;
And, if his fatal star or evil aims
Bring him back hither, let it be to find
Nor pardon nor pity ! [*Exit Chorus*
Elv. [*Within.*] O, restore me hope once more,
Or let life itself be o'er !
Sir G. This way she comes—thou hearest ?—how sad
And grievous the language of her misery.

Enter ELVIRA, *with disordered looks.*

QUI LA VOCE SUA—IT WAS HERE IN ACCENTS SWEETEST.



Sir G } Quanto amore è mai raccolto
Ric. } In quel volto e in quel dolor!
Elv. Chi sei tu?

[*Dopo una pausa a Sir Giorgio, il quale per consolarla fa una fisonomia ridente.*

Sir G Non mi ravvisi?
Elv. Padre mio! mi chiami al tempio?
Non è sogno, oh Arturo, oh amor
Ah, tu sorridi, asciughi il pianto!
A Imen mi guidi—al ballo, al canto
Ognun s' appresta a nozze, a festa,
E meco in danza esulterà.
[*Si volta, e vede Riccardo: lo prende per la mano.*
Tu pur meco danzerai!
Vieni a nozze!
Sir G. } O, Dio!
Ric. }
Elv. Egli piange! egli piange! ei forse amò.
[*A Sir Giorgio in disparte e sotto voce—poi torna a fissare Riccardo poi gli afferra la mano, e tornando ad atteggiarsi dolorosamente.*
Ric. } Chi frenar il pianto può!
Sir G. }
Elv. M' odi è dimmi, amasti mai?
Ric. Gli occhi affisa in sul mio volto,
Ben mi guarda e lo vedrai.
Elv. Ah, se piangi!
Ancor tu sai che un cor fido nell' amor,
Sempre vive di dolor!

[*Si abbandona al pianto, e si pone la mano sul volto—Sir Giorgio l' abbraccia—essa lo lascia, e passeggia.*

Sir G. Deh! ti acqueta, o mia diletta,
Tregua al duol dal tempo aspetta.
Elv. Mai!
[*Sempre passeggiando per la scena, nè badando mai ai due che parlano.*
Ric. } Clemente il ciel ti fia.
Sir G. }
Elv. Mai!
Ric. } L' ingrato ormai obblia.
Sir G. }
Elv. Ah! mai più ti rivedro!
Ric. } Si fa mia la sua ferita
Sir G. } Mi dispera e squarcia il cor.
Elv. O toglietemi la vita,
O rendetemi il mio amor!
[*Elvira si volge in atto di furente verso Riccardo e Giorgio.—Poi v' è una pausa generale.—Dopo un poco Elvira sorride, e atteggia il volto allegramente alla maniera dei pazzi.*
Ric. } Tornò il riso in sul suo aspetto,
Sir G. } Qual pensiero a lei brillò!
Elv. Non temer del padre mio—
Co' miei pianti il placherò?
Ogni affanno andrà in obblio,
Tanto amor consolerò!
Sir G. Essa in pene è abbandonata,
Sogna il gaudio che perdè!
Ric. Qual bell' alma innamorata
Un rival rapiva a me!

Sir G. } How much love is there depicted
Ric. } Through her grief and in her face.
Elv. Who art thou?

[*To Sir George, who, to gratify her, looks at her smilingly.*

Sir G. Do you not know me?
Elv. Yes,—my father: thou call'st me to the temple?
'Tis no dream, my Arthur, oh, my love!
Ah, thou art smiling—thy tears thou driest,—
Fond Hymen guiding, I quickly follow!
Then dancing and singing,
All nuptial feasts providing.
[*Dancing towards Richard, whom she takes by the hand.*
And surely you shall dance with me—
Come to the wedding!
Sir G. } O, Heaven!
Ric. }
Elv. He's weeping! he weeps! he may have loved.

[*To Sir George, aside—then looking at Richard, she clasps his hand, and becomes abstracted.*

Ric. } Who can now refrain from tears?
Sir G. }
Elv. [*To Richard.*] Listen to me—hast ever lov'd?
Ric. [*To Elvira.*] Look thou well upon these features,
And thou soon wilt know the truth.
Elv. Ah, thou weepest!
And I perceive thou knowest the loving
Faithful heart is with sorrow ever wed!
[*Elvira is overcome with sorrow, and covers her face with her hands.—Sir George embraces her—she leaves him, and traverses the stage.*
Sir G. Calm thyself, my dearest love!
Time will all thy grief dispel.
Elv. Never!

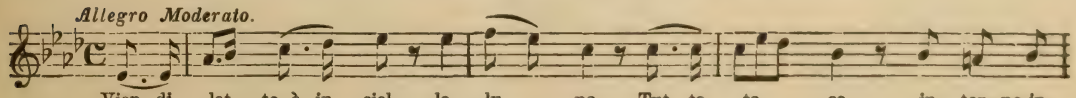
Still traversing the stage.

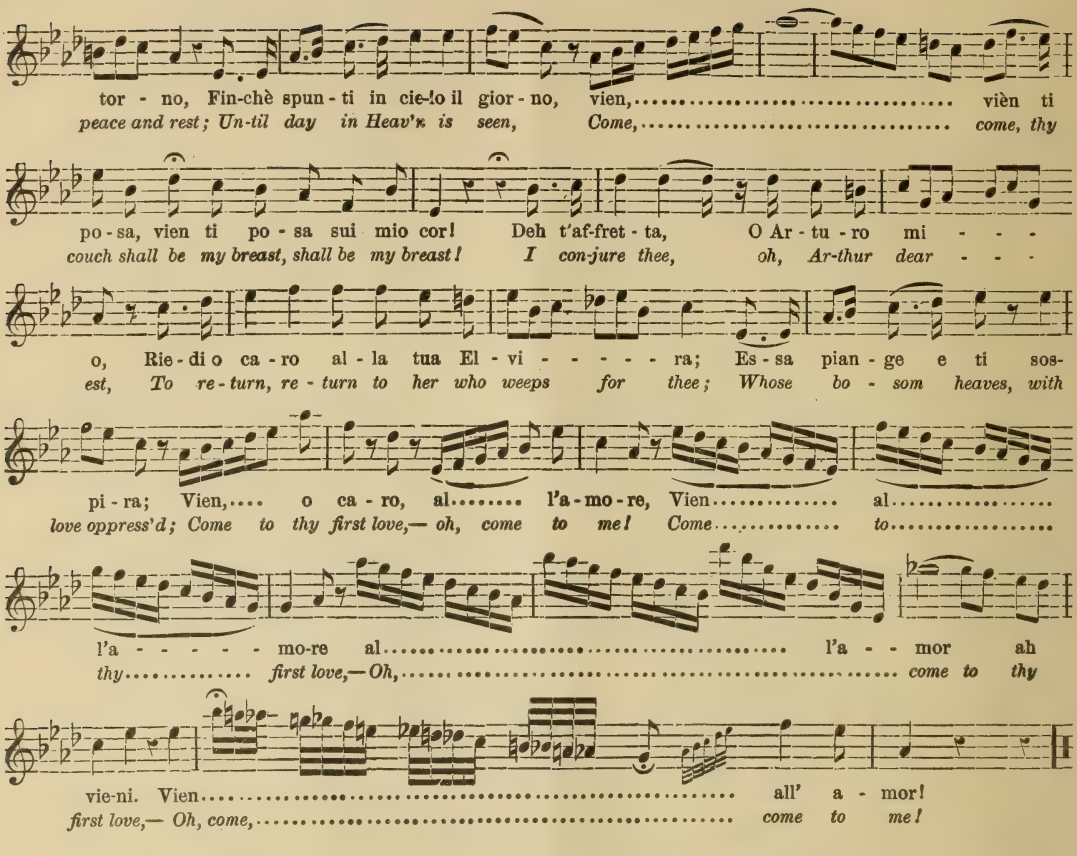
Ric. } Kind Heaven will give thee solace.
Sir G. }
Elv. Never!
Ric. } Forget this traitor false.
Sir G. }
Elv. Ne'er again shall I behold thee.
Ric. } Every pang is made my own,
Sir G. } And rends in twain my inmost heart.
Elv. Either let my life depart,
Or restore my love to me!

[*Turning fiercely to Richard and Sir George.—A general pause ensues, she almost instantly smiles, and her face assumes a peaceful expression.*

Ric. } Now her aspect is serene,—what thought,
Sir G. } What sweet thought, her mind revives!
Elv. Have no fear of my dear father—
By these tears appeas'd he'll be;
All our woes will soon be over,
And our love claim its reward!
Sir G. She's bewilder'd by her sorrows,
And lost happiness creates!
Ric. What a beautiful fond spirit
Did a rival from me take!

VIEN DILETTO—COME, DEAREST, COME. AIR. ELVIRA.





Ric. } Possa un dì, bella infelice,
Sir G. } Mercè aver di tanto affetto.
Possa un giorno nel diletto,
Obbliare il suo dolor!
Sir G. Ah! ricovrarti ormai t' addice.
Bru. Stende notte il cupo orror.
[*Elvira è abbattuta dal delirio.—Sir Giorgio e Riccardo l' invitano a ritirarsi.—Sir Giorgio osserva all' intorno; poi afferra pel braccio Riccardo, come uno che parlando mostra sapere un suo grave segreto.*
Sir G. Il rival salvar tu devi—
Il rival salvar tu puoi.
Ric. Il nol posso.
Sir G. Tu non vuoi.
Ric. No!
Sir G. Tu il salva!
Ric. Ei perirà!
Sir G. Tu quell' ora ben rimembri
Che fuggì la prigioniera?
Ric. Sì.
Sir G. D' Artur fu colpa intera?
Ric. Tua favella ormai— [*Quasi sdegnandosi.*
Sir G. E vera. [*Con dignità paterna.*
Ric. Parla aperto! [*Come sopra.*
Sir G. Ho detto assai! [*Come sopra.*
Ric. Fu voler del Parlamento
Se ha colui la pena estrema,
Dei ribelli l' ardimento
In Artur si domerà.
Io non l' odio, io nol pavento;
Ma l' indegno perirà.

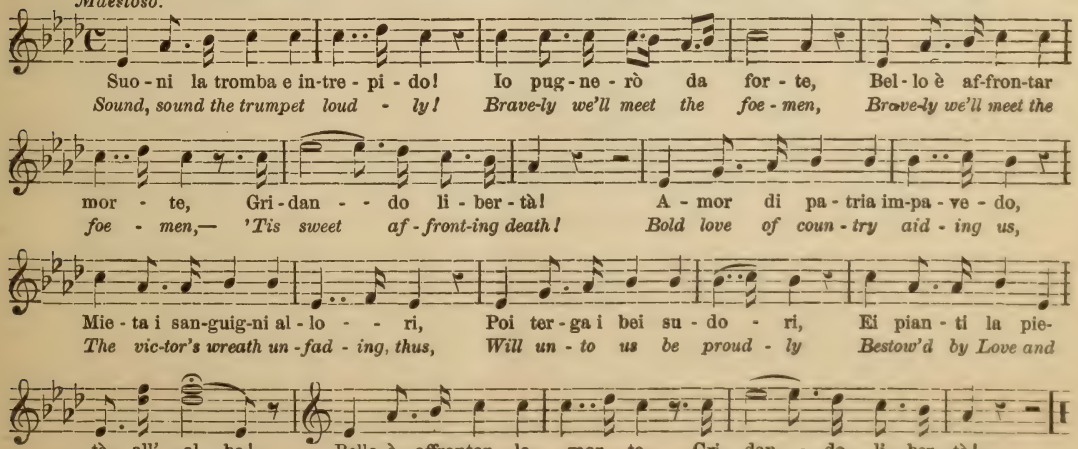
Sir G. } May, one day, forsaken beauty,
Ric. } Thy fond love be yet requited.
May, one day, in love abounding,
Thy great woe to joy give place.
Sir G. Ah! now it were well thou shouldst go.
Ric. Night's gloomy shades already fall.
[*Elvira is lost in delirium.—Sir George and Richard persuade her to withdraw.—Sir George, having cast around a cautious glance, seizes Richard's arm, with the air of one possessed of an important secret.*
Sir G. It is you must preserve your rival—
You've the pow'r, and needs must use it.
Ric. Nay, I cannot.
Sir G. Say that you will not.
Ric. No!
Sir G. Thou wilt save him!
Ric. No;—he shall fall!
Sir G. Dost thou not the hour remember
Of the prisoner's escape?
Ric. Ay.
Sir G. And was it, then, all Arthur's fault?
Ric. This bold language now— [*Waxing angry.*
Sir G. Is true, Sir! [*With dignity.*
Ric. Speak, then, freely. [*Bowing.*
Sir G. I've said enough. [*Bowing.*
Ric. 'Tis the will of Parliament
That the sentence be enacted;
That the daring of the rebels
Shall, in Arthur's fate, be avenged.
I nor fear him, nor do I hate him;
But the traitor surely dies.

Sir G. Un geloso e reo tormento
Or t' invade e acceca ;—ah, trema !
Il rimorso e lo spavento
La tua vita strazierà.
Se il rival per te fia spento
Un altr' alma il seguirà !
Ric. Ah !
Sir G. Due vittime farai,
E dovunque tu n' andrai,
L' ombra lor ti seguirà !
Se tra il bujo un fantasma vedrai
Bianco lieve, che geme e sospira
Sarà Elvira, che mesta s' aggira,
E ti grida : io son morta per te.
Quando il cielo è in tempèsta più scuro
S' odi un' ombra affannosa che freme,
Sarà Artur che t' incalza, ti preme,
Ti minaccia de' morti il furor !
Ric. Se d' Elvira il fantasma dolente,
M' apparisce e m' incalzi e s' adiri,
Le mie preci, i singulti, i sospiri,
Mi sapranno ottenere mercè.
Se l' odiato fantasme d' Arturo,
Sanguinoso surgesse d' Averno,
Ripiombarlo agli abissi in eterno,
Lo farebbe il mio immenso furor !
[*Sir Giorgio dopo una pausa lo abbraccia piangendo, e con affetto paterno.*
Sir G. Il duol che sì mi accora
Vinca la tua bell' anima.
Ric. Han vinto le tue lacrime !
Mira—ho bagnato il cigli.
A. 2. Chì ben la patria adora
Onora la pietà !
Ric. Se inerme ed in periglio,
Salvo ei per te sarà.
Sir G. Sì, il salva.
Ric. E dall' esiglio,
Contro la Patria libera
Se armato ei quì verrà ?
Sir G. Mia man non è ancor gelida
Con te il combatterà.
Ric. Forse dell' alba al sorgere [*Con mistero.*
L' oste ci assalirà ! S' ei vi sarà !
Sir G. Morrà !
Sia voce di terror Patria ! Vittoria ! Onor !

Sir G. A jealous guilty vengeance
Invades thine inmost soul ;—but, tremble !
Remorse and apprehension
Shall wear thy wretched life out.
If he's doom'd, and that by thee,
Then he will not fall alone.
Ric. Ah !
Sir G. Thou makest die two victims,
And, wherever thou shalt go,
Their shades will surely follow thee ;—
If a phantom thou see'st in the night,
Pale and ghastly, moan shall pursue thee !
'Tis Elvira ! whose tones shall affright,
As she cries, " Thou causedst my death."
When the storm shall be wildest in heaven,
If a shadow disturb thy faint breath,
And follow thy course, vengeance-driven,
It is Arthur who dooms thee to death !
Ric. If Elvira's sad phantom appear,
If it come with reproaches and wrath,
Grief shall move it with penitent prayer,
Tears and sighs, till full pardon it hath.
But if, from Averno's dark shore,
Arthur's horrible shadow arise,
The spectre I'd hurl back forever,
My fury's abhorr'd sacrifice !
[*After a pause, Sir George affectionately embraces Richard, and with tears.*
Sir G. The grief which now I feel
May touch thy soul so noble.
Ric. Thy tears have surely triumph'd !
Look—I also weep.
Both. True lovers of their country
Must always mercy feel.
Ric. If helpless and in peril,
For thy sake he is sav'd.
Sir G. Yes, save him !
Ric. If from exile
He come in hostile arms
Against his country's freedom ?
Sir G. My blood is not yet frozen—
Against him both will fight.
Ric. [*Mysteriously.*] Perhaps, by the break of day,
The foeman will attack, if he be among them !
Sir G. He dies !
The terrible cry—Our Country ! Victory ! Honor !

SUONI LA TROMBA E IN TREPIDO—SOUND, SOUND THE TRUMPET BOLDLY.

Maestoso.



Alba! sue sorgi a un popolo,
Che a libertà s' affidi,
Giuliva a lui sorridi—
Nunzia d' eterno Sol.
Alba, che sorgi ai perfidi,
Tiranni dalla terra,
Sii nunzia a lor di guerra,
Alba d' eterno duol!

[*Stanno per separisi—Nel fondo della scena Giorgio si rivolge a Riccardo, e lo prende per mano.*

Sir G. Il patto è già fermento.
Se Artur è inerme o vinto—
Ric. Avrà pietà e conforto.
Sir G. Se vien ascoso e armato—
Ric. Ei sarà avvinto e morto!

FINE DELL' ATTO SECONDO.

Morn! rising on a nation,
Whose only trust is freedom—
Whose only trust is freedom—
Bring us eternal fame!
Earth's tyrants who dissemble,
At thy war-message tremble,
Midst the world's execration
They sink in endless shame!

[*When separating, Sir George takes Richard by the hand.*

Sir G. All is now concluded.
If Arthur is defenceless—
Ric. He'll find support and succor.
Sir G. If he in arms return—
Ric. He comes to shame and vengeance!

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ATTO III.

SCENA I.—*Loggia in un giardino e boschetto vicino alla casa di* ELVIRA, *questa casa ha la porta e le finestre con vetri assai trasparenti.—Da lontano si vedono, sempre alcune fortificazioni, ec.—Il giorno comincia ad oscurarsi.—Si leva un oragono, e mentre più imperversa, sentonsi dentro le scene e da lontano alcune grida d' allarme ed un colpo di archibugio.—Poco dopo* ARTURO *comparisce avvolto in un gran mantello.—A poco, a poco esce la luna.—La casa internamente vedesi da varie lampade illuminata.*

Entra ARTURO.

Art. Son salvo, alfin son salvo—I miei nemici
Falliro il colpo, e mi smarrir di traccia.
Oh, patria! oh amore, onnipossenti nomi!
Quant' io vi sento e adoro! ap ogni passo
Mi balzo il cor nel seno e benedico
Ogni tronco, ogni fronda ed ogni sasso
Oh, com' è dolce a un esule infelice
Dopo il misero errar di riva in riva,
Toccar alfin la terra sua nativa!
Vedere ed obbracciar colei che in core
Gli fu scolpita per la man d' amore!

[*S' intravvede fra i vetri del palazzo Elvira vestita di bianco.—Essa non vista da Arturo trapassa sola e cantando.—La sua voce va perpendosi a mano mano, che essa internasi ne' suoi appartamenti.*

ACT III.

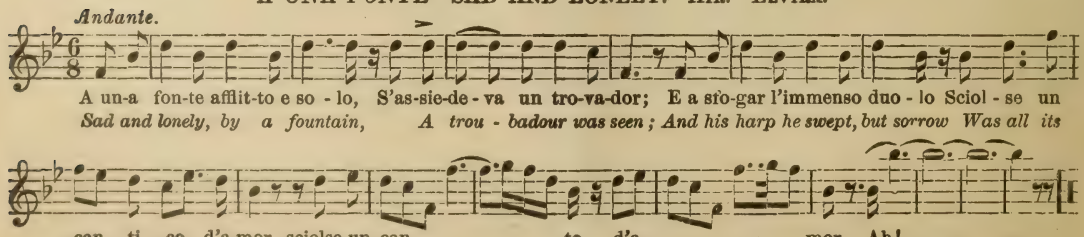
SCENE I.—*A Lodge, with a Garden and a Grove, near the house of* ELVIRA, *of which the door and windows are perceptible.—In the distance, military outworks are seen.—The air becomes darkened, and the sky lowers with an impending storm.—Cries and the discharge of arms are heard.—The moon rises gradually.—The house becomes lighted up.*

Enter ARTHUR.

Art. I am sav'd, at last I am saved—my desp'rate foes
Have miss'd their aim, nor close they on my footsteps.
My country! my love! O, sweet and potent names,
How leaps my heart to your commingled claims!
At every step my spirit, stranger grown,
Blesses each tree, each flower, and every stone.
How sweet, to hapless exile, who from shore
To shore has fled, to reach his home once more!
To see and to embrace, with joyous start,
The form whose image love graveth on his heart!

[*Elvira, in white, unseen by Arthur, is observed to pass the windows—she sings, and her voice gradually subsides as she enters her apartment.*

A UNA FONTE—SAD AND LONELY. AIR. ELVIRA.



Art. La mia canzon d'amore? Ah, Elvira—ah, Elvira!
Ove t' aggiri tu? Nessun risponde!
A te cos' io cantava
Di queste selve tra la dense fronde,

Art. My own fond song of love! Elvira, oh say, where art thou?
No one responds. 'Twas thus to thee I sang
Under the shady branches of this grove;

E tu allor facevi eco al cantar mio!
Deh! se ascoltasti l' amoroso canto—
Odi un esule afflitto, odi il mio pianto
A una fonte afflitto e solo
S' assiedeva un trovador,
Toccò l' arpa, e suonò duolo;
Sciolse un canto e fu dolor!
Corre a valle, corre a monte,
L' esiliato pellegrin:
Ma il dolor gli è sempre a fronte,
Gli è compagno nel cammin.
Brama il sole, allorch' è sera;
Brama sera, allorch è sol;
Gli par verno primavera,—
Ogni riso gli par duol.
[*Sentesi un sordo battere di tamburo entro le scene.*
Qual suon? gente s' appressa!

1 *Coro.* [*Sommessamente entro le scene.*] Agli spaldi.

2 *Coro.* Alle torri sarà.

Tutti. Si chercherà—non sfuggirà.

Art. Ove m' ascondo? Ah! l' orde di Cromvello
Sono ancor di me in traccia.
[*Arturo si ritiria e vedesi un drappello d'armigeri traversare, il fondo dalla scena: appena che sono passati, Arturo esce e guarda lor dietro.*
Vanno i furenti, perchè mai non oso,
Porre il piè dentro le adorate soglie?
Dire a Elvira il mio duol, la fede mia?
Ah, no!—perder potrei
Me stesso e lei.—Tentium di nuovo il canto!
A me forse vorrà, se al cuor le suona,
Quasi a richiamo de' bei di felice
Quando uniti dicemmo; io t' amo, io t' amo!
Cerca il sonno a notte scura,
L' esiliato pellegrin,
Sogna e il desta la sciagura—
Della patria e il suo destin.
Sempre eguali ha i luoghi e l' ore
L' infelice trovador;
L' esiliato allor che muore,
Ha sol posa al suo dolor.
[*Si vede dietro le vetriate Elvira che ritorna, poi essa accostasi alla porta—e sentendosi questo piccolo rumore dalla parte del palazzo Arturo si ritiro—Elvira esce con un andare smarrito, poi si fema quasi in atto di starre in ascolto.*

Elv. Fini—me lassa!—Oh, come dolce all' alma
Mi scendea quella voce.—Oh, Dio fini!
Mi parve—Ahi rimembranze, ahi vani sogni!
Ah mio Arturo; dove sei?

Art. A piedi tuoi!
Elvira, ah mi perdona!

Elv. Arturo! è desso. [*Gettandosi nelle sue braccia.*
Sei pur tu? or non m' inganni?

Art. Ingannarti? Ah no, giammai!

Elv. Io vacillo; temo affanni.

Art. Non temer, finero i guai,
Ove alfin unisce amor.

A 2. Nel mirarti un solo istante,
Io sopiro e mi consolo
D' ogni pianto, d' ogni duolo
Che provai lontan da te.
Ch' ei provò lontan da me!
[*Dice il primo verso da se stessa, e precisamente, coll' accento di persona che ha la mente confusa per meste ricordanze.*
Quanto tempo! lo rammenti?

Art. Fur tre mesi.

Elv. Ah, no—tre secoli,
[*Con entusiasmo delirante di passione.*
Fur tre secoli d' orror!

Thou mad'st then a lovely echo.
If once my song of love thou heard'st,
Hear now an exile's sorrows, hear now his plaint.
Sad and lonely, by a fountain,
A young troubadour reclin'd,
And, for solace to his sorrow,
Freely breath'd a love-song to the wind.
Through the valley, o'er the mountain,
The banish'd pilgrim strayeth,
And grief by his side, for ever
His sole companion, stayeth.
When 'tis day, for sable night he longeth;
When 'tis night, he wisheth for the day;
He mistaketh spring for winter,—
Not e'en mirth to him is gay.
[*Drums heard in the distance.*
What sounds? some one approaches!

1 *Cho.* [*Within.*] To the rampart.

2 *Cho.* He is near the tower.

All. We'll strictly search—he can't escape.

Art. Where can I hide me? the troops of Cromwell
Are e'en now close upon my track.
[*He withdraws behind the curtains, when armed soldiers cross the stage; after they have passed, he again comes forward.*
They take that road:
O, why am I forbidden to set foot
Within the palace of my ador'd, and tell
My perils and my truth to her?—Ah, no!
It might endanger both.—The song once more—
The tone may reach her heart, and bring her to me.
It may remind her of pass'd days of bliss,
When all our language was "I love, I love thee!"
In the night-time's gloomy silence,
When the exiled wand'rer sleeps,
Dreams present him his misfortunes—
For his home and fate he weeps.
Every spot all times are equal
To the hapless troubadour;
Only kind repose he findeth,
When fate bids him feel no more.
[*Elvira is seen coming towards Arthur—he hears her approaching step, and retires—she enters hesitatingly, and seems to listen.*

Elv. 'Tis o'er—unhappy me!—How softly
And sweetly that voice touched my soul.—Oh, Heaven,
'Tis gone! It seem'd—ah, sweetest mem'ry! vain delusion!
My own Arthur! alas! where art thou?

Art. [*Kneeling.*] At thy feet kneeling,
Elvira, I crave thy pardon.

Elv. Dear Arthur, 'tis he! [*Falling into his arms.*
Is it thyself? dost thou not deceive me?

Art. I deceive thee!—Never! never!

Elv. Yet I tremble; other woes seem near.

Art. Oh, dread them not, my dearest,
Now love is smiling again.

Art. } Now once more thy love beholding,
Elv. } I breathe freely, and resign
Ev'ry murmur, ev'ry sorrowing.

Art. } That I proved afar from thee.
Elv. } That I proved afar from thee.
[*She sings this line aside, in a pointed manner, and like one embarrassed by melancholy recollections.*
What a time! canst say how long?

Art. Three months.

Elv. Ah, no—it is ages!—three;
[*Enthusiastically and passionately.*
Yes, three ages of agony and horror.

Ti chiamava ad ogni istante.
Riedi. o Arturo. e mi consola,
E rompava ogni parola
Il singulti del dolor!

Art Deh perdona! Ella era misera,
Prigioniera, abbandonata,
In periglio.

Elv [*Con rapidita.*] E l' hai tu amata?

Art Io? Colei.

Elv Non è tua sposa?

Art Chi dir l' osa?

Elv Io il chiedo, Oh Arturo.

Art. Mi credevi sì spergiuro?

I exclaim'd at each sad moment,
"Return, Arthur, to console me;"
While each word remain'd unfinish'd,
Stifled, broken, by my sobs.

Art. Ah, forgive me! she was most wretched,
A sad prisoner, by all abandon'd,
And in peril.

Elv. [*Eagerly.*] And dost thou love her?

Art. I love her?

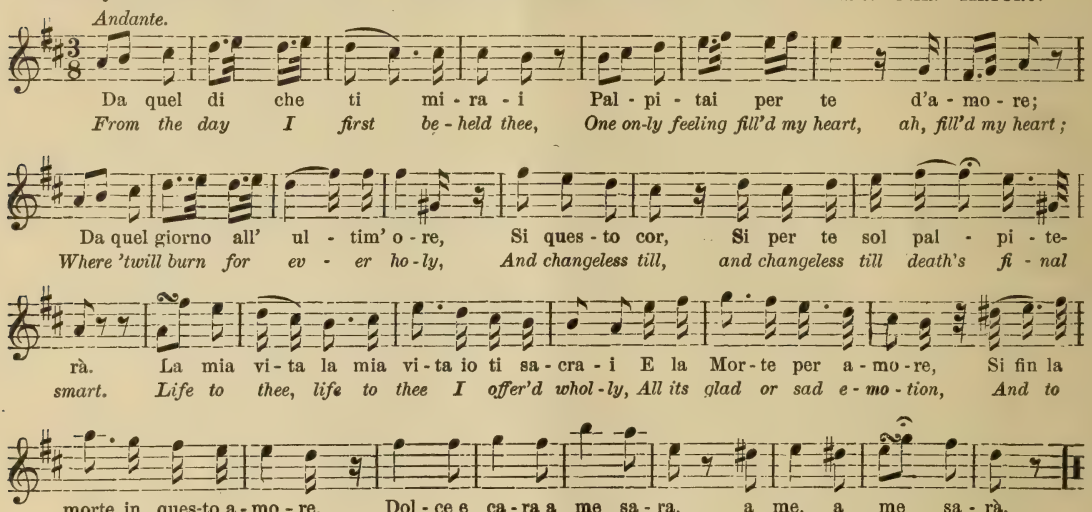
Elv. Hast thou not wed her?

Art. Who dare say that?

Elv. I who ask it, Arthur.

Art. Didst thou believe me so forsworn?

DA QUEL DI CHE TI MIRAI—FROM THE DAY I FIRST BEHELD THEE. AIR. ARTURO.



Elv. Oh, parole d' amor! lieta son io!
Ei non l'amava adunque; Oh, Arturo mio!
Da quel dì che a te giurai,
Solo appresi aver il core;
E a te fido infin che muore
Questo cor palpiterà.
La mia vita io ti sacrai—
Nella gioia e nel dolore;
E la morte per amore
Cara e santa a me sarà.

[*Si danno scambievolmenta la destra, e si volgono al Cielo.*

Art. Tua crudel dubbiezza amara,
Deponesti, e paga or sei?

Elv. Dì, se a te non era cara,
A chè mai seguir colei?

Art. Or t' infingi, o ignori ch' ella,
Presso a morte.

Elv. Chi? favella!

Art. La? Regina!

Elv. La? Regina!

Art. Un indugio? e la meschina,
Su d' un palco a morte orribile!

Elv E fia ver? qual lume rapido,
Or balena al mio pensier?
Dunque m' ami?

Art E puoi temer?

Elv. O, words of love! I now am happy!
And didst thou ever love her?
O, my own Arthur!
Till the day of love's fond pledging,
I was unconscious of a heart;
Since that day 'tis thine, and will be,
Until stern death tear us apart.
Life to thee I all devoted—
Its pleasure and its melancholy;
And to die for such devotion
Will be a death serene and holy.

[*Each taking the hand of the other, they look up to heaven.*

Art. Thy bitter doubts dispelling,
Is thy bosom now at peace?

Elv. If she was not dear to thee,
Why wast thou her follower?

Art. Dost thou feign? or is't thou know'st not
Her doom was death!

Elv. Who? speak quickly!

Art. Who? the Queen.

Elv. What! the Queen!

Art. Yes: delay were certain death;—
She'd have perish'd on the scaffold!

Elv. Can this be so? what light so sudden
Breaks in on all my thoughts?
Then thou lovest me?

Art. Thou fearest not?

Elv. Dunque vuoi—
Art. Star teco ognor
Tra gli amplessi dell' amor.
Vieni, fra le mie braccia,
Amor, delizia e vita!
Non mi sarai rapita,
Or che ti stringo al cor!
Ansante, ognor tremante,
Ti chiamo—e ognor ti bramo;—
Vien, mi ripeti io t' amo,
T' amo d' immenso amor.

Elv. Then thou wishest—
Art. Still to abide
Ever loving, ever faithful.
Come, come to my arms,
Thou my life's sole delight!
And, thus press'd to my heart,
We'll no more disunite!
Thrill'd with anxious love and fear,
On thee I call—for thee I sigh;—
Come, and say the love is dear
That soars a boundless height.

CARO NON HO PAROLA—ALL WORDS, MY LOVE, MUST FAIL ME. AIR. ELVIRA

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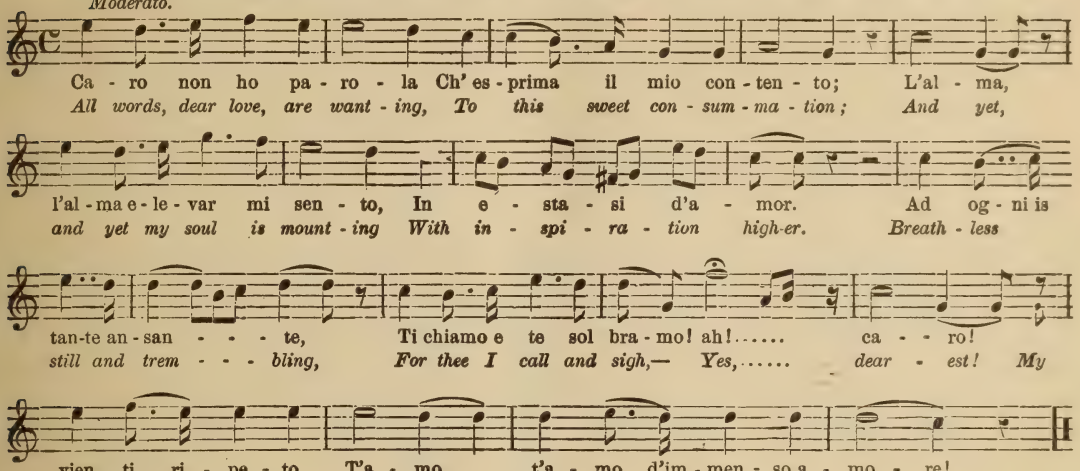

[*Elvira si pone sul core la mano d' Arturo. Odesi ancora il suono del tamburo.*

Art. Ancor quel suon funesto, i miei nemici!

Elv. Sì, quel suon funesto.
[*La sua testa cominicia a vacillare.*
Io conosco quel suon ma tu non sai.
Che più nol temo ormai nella mia stanza;—
Squarciai il vel di che s' ornò sua testa—
Calpestai le sue pompe—ed all aurora
Con me tu ancora,
Verrai a festa e a danza.
Art. Oh, Dio! che dici?
[*Arturo si ritira un' passo e la guarda con stupore e spavento fissamente nel volto.*
Elv. Così come tu guardi
Mi guardan essi, e intender mai non sanno
Il mio parlar, il mio riso, il duol, l' affanno!
[*Elvira si tocca la testa e il cuore.*
Art. Oh, ti scuoti. Tu vanneggi!
[*Sentesi da parti opposte dentro il bosshetto le voci di varii drappelli d' Armigeri, che incontrandosi ci scambiano il motto di fazione.*
1. Alto là?
2. Fedel drappello.
1. E chi viva!
2. Anglia e Cromvello!
1. Viva!
2. Viva!
Tutti. Vincerà!
Art. Vien, ci è forza ormai partir!

[*Elvira presses Arthur's hand to her heart.—A Drum is heard.*

Art. Again that warlike sound so dreadful!
My enemies are near!
Elv. It is that sound so hated.
[*Again becoming delirious.*
I know well that sound.
But thou know'st not that I no longer dread it;—
In my own chamber did I tear the veil
That one day grac'd her head—I trod upon
Her finery; and, at the dawning, with me once more,
Thou shalt come to the feast and dance.
Art. O, God! what say'st thou?
[*Gazing at her with alarm.*
Elv. Just as thou now look'st at me,
So e'en do they, and cannot understand
My words of grief, my laughter, or my sorrows.
[*Putting her hand to her head and heart.*
Art. Recall thy thoughts. Thou'rt raving!
[*Voices of Soldiers heard within.*
1. Who goes there?
2. Band of the faithful.
1. Give the pass-word.
2. England and Cromwell.
1. Viva!
2. Viva!
All. The conqueror
Art. Come, we must awhile retire.

Elv. Ah, tu vuoi fuggirmi ancor?
No colei più non t' avra!
[*Arturo prende per mano Elvira che lo guarda e infuria delirando. Essa gettasi ai piedi di Arturo, e gli abbraccia le ginocchia, a gridar soccorso.*
Art. Vien.
Elv. T' arresti il mio dolor.
Art. Taci!
Elv. O genti, ei vuol fuggir!
Art. Taci!
Elv. Aiuto, per pietà!
Art. Ah!

Entra Riccardo, Giorgio, Bruno, *Armigeri, con facelle, Castellani, e Castellane.*

Sir G. E quì Arturo!
[*Arturo che s' avvede della demenza di Elvira resta impietrito di dolore guardandola immoto. Elvira è invece instupidita per tutto quel che vede. Riccardo a cui fanno eco li Puritani, s' avanza ad intimare la sentenza del Parlamento. Alle parole "Morte," vedesi che Elvira cangia aspetto, ed ogni suo moto ed atto palesa che questo avvenimento tremendo produsse una commozione nel cervello, ed un totale cambiamento intelletuale.*
Ric. Arturo!
Tutti. Arturo!
Ric. Cavalier, ti colse il nume
Punitor de' tradimenti.
Armi. Pera ucciso fra tormenti
Chi tradiva patria e onor.
Sir G. / *Donne.* } Oh, infelice! Un destin rio
A tal spiaggia or ti guidò.
Ric. / *Armi.* } Talbo Artur, la Patria e Dio
Te alle morte condannò.
Elv. Morte!
Armi. A morte!
Donne. Ahi, qual terror!
Armi. Dio raggiunge i traditor!
Elv. Che ascoltai?
Donne. Si tramutò!
[*Le donne guardando Elvira e circondandola osservano tutti li mutamenti, che simo strano sulla fisonomia di Elvira.*
Sir G. / *Ric.* } Se avrà il senno? avrà più lacrime,
Nel mirar chi per lei muor.
Elv. Qual mai funerea
Voce funesta,
Mi scuote e desta
Dal mio martir?
Io fui sì barcara—
Lo trassi a morte
M' avrà consorte
Nel su morir.
Ric. Quel suon funereo,
Ch' apre una tomba,
Cupo rimbomba,
M' infonde orror.
Lor sorte orribile
Spense già l' ira,
Mi affanna ed inspira
Pietà e dolor.
Armi. Qual suon funereo,
Ch' apre una tomba,
Cupo rimbomba
Infonde orror.
E Dio terribile,
In sua vendetta,
Gli empii ei saetta,
Sterminator.
Art. Credeasi misera
Da me tradita;

Elv. Thou wouldst again desert me,
But she shall never call thee hers!
[*He takes her hand—she throws herself frantically at his feet, and cries for succor.*
Art. Come.
Elv. Let my grief retain thee.
Art. Speak not!
Elv. My friends, he now would fly!
Art. Speak not!
Elv. Help, for pity!
Art. Ah!

Enter Sir Richard, Sir George, Bruno, *Soldiers with torches, and Villagers.*

Sir G. Where is Arthur?
[*Arthur, who sees the madness of Elvira, stands almost unconscious of what is passing around him. Elvira is motionless. Richard, seconded by the Puritans, reads the sentence of the Parliament—at the word "Death" Elvira's countenance becomes deadly pale, and her actions and appearance indicate a total prostration of intellect.*
Ric. What! Arthur!
All. Ah! Arthur!
Ric. Cavalier, the sword of justice
On the traitor's head shall fall.
Sold. Yes: in torment he must perish!
The betrayer of his King.
Sir G. / *Wom.* } Unhappy Arthur! a fatal doom
To this place thy steps hath led.
Ric. / *Sold.* } Arthur Talbot, thy God and country
Have decreed that thou shalt die.
Elv. To die!
Sold. To die!
Wom. Oh, horrid doom!
Sold. God the traitor will o'ertake.
Elv. Ah! what hear I?
Wom. [*Observing Elvira.*]
What sudden change!
Now she's deathlike—now all fire!

Sir G. / *Ric.* } If she e'er recover reason,
She will shed more tears for him.
Elv. What sounds funereal
Strike on my ear,
And drown recollection
Of all former care?
Ah! I was barbarous—
To hasten his death;
But with my lov'd one
I'll share the grave.
Ric. That sound so fatal,
Cold death proclaiming,
With awe most dreadful,
Harrows my heart.
Such cruel fortune,
My anger subduing,
My soul is inspiring
With pity and grief.
Sold. The sound funereal
That opens a grave,
Our hearts now filleth
With woe most profound.
Heaven is terrible in its just vengeance
Striking the impious,
Destroying their works.

Art. Oh! the forlorn one
Thought I betrayed her;

Traea sua vita
In tal martir.
Or sfido i fulmini,
Disprezzo il fato,
Se a lei d' allato
Potrò morir.

Sir G. Qual suon funereo
Feral rimbomba,
Nel senmi piomba
M' agghiacca il cor ?
Sol posso, ahi, misero,
Tremar e fremere,
Non ha più lacrime
Il mio dolor !

CORO—*di Donne.*

Qual suon funereo,
Feral rimbomba,
Al cor ci piomba,
Gelar ci fa !
Pur fra le lagrime,
Speme ci affida,
Che Dio ci arrida,
Di sua pietà.

Armi. / *Bru.* } Dio comanda a' figli suoi,
Che giustizia alfin si rendi !

Ric. / *Sir G.* / *Donne* } Sol ferocia or parla in voi ;—
La pietade Iddio v' apprenda.

Art. Deh ritorna a sensi tuoi.
Elv. Qual mi cade orribil benda !
Art. O mia Elvira !
Elv. E viva ancor.
Art. Teco io sono.
Elv. Ah il tuo perdono !
Per me a morte, o Arturo mio.
Art. Di tua sorte il reo son io.

Elv. / *Art.* } Un amplesso !

Bru. / *Men.* } Avvampo e fremo !

Sir G. / *Ric.* / *Donne.* Io gelo e tremo !

Elv. / *Art.* } Un addio !

Tutti. L' estremo !
Armi. Cada alfin l' ultrice spada
Sevra il capo al traditor.
Art. Arrestate—Vi scostate
Paventate il mio furore !
Ella è tremante,
Ella è spirante !
Anime perfide
Sorde a pietà !
Un sole istante,
L' ire affrenate
Poi vi saziate
Di crudeltà !

CORO—*di Puritanni.*

1*st Sold.* A vendetta sui ribaldi !
2*nd Sold.* A vendetta !

[*All improvvisi tutti si fermano perchè odesi un suono di Corna da caccia. Vari Armigeri Puritanni escono ad esplorore, e tornano guidando un mesaggiero. Questi reca una lettera a Giorgio che in compagnia di Riccardo la scvrre: entrambi si volgono ai circonstante, con faccia rinente.*

Tutti. Suon d' Araldi !
E un messaggio ?
Donne. Un Divin raggio
Esploriam !

All her days pass'd she
Anxious and sad.
Now fate I challenge,
Braving its thunder,
If we together
Calmly may die !

Sir G. The sound funereal
That opens a grave,
Fills my sad heart
With woe most profound !
Woe overwhelming !
Mingled grief and rage !
And no more tears, alas !
Pain to assuage.

CHORUS—*of Women.*

Those sounds funereal,
That open a grave,
Fill our sad hearts
With woe most profound !
But, 'midst affliction,
A hope is still shining,
That God in his mercy
Will with pity look down.

Sold. / *Bru.* } God commands that all His children
Should to the traitor render justice !

Ric. / *Sir G.* / *Wom.* } Thou but speakest in thy fierceness ;—
May kind Heaven teach thee pity !

Art. [*To Elvira.*] Ah ! recall thy recollection.
Elv. How strange a mask has fallen from me !
Art. O, my Elvira !
Elv. Thou livest yet.
Art. I am with thee.
Elv. Alas, forgive me !
Oh, Arthur dearest, I've caused my death.
Art. And I have caus'd all thy misfortunes.

Elv. / *Art.* } One embrace !

Bru. / *Men* } With rage I'm burning !

Sir G. / *Ric.* / *Wom.* } I fear and tremble !

Elv. / *Art.* } One farewell !

All. The final !
Sold. Now the fatal sword of justice
Falls on the vile traitor's head.
Art. Stand aside there—do not move ye !
Or my vengeance you shall know !
Terror shakes her !
Life forsakes her !
Oh, monsters, nurs'd
In crimes accurs'd,
One moment only
Restrain your vengeful hate ;
Then fully satiate
Your cruel thirst !

CHORUS—*of Puritans.*

1*st Sold.* Now for vengeance !
2*nd Sold.* Ay, for vengeance on the traitor !

[*Trumpets sound—some Soldiers go out, and return with a Messenger bringing a letter, which Sir George reads apart with Richard, and both look smilingly around.*

All. The herald's trumpet !
Is 't a message ?
Wom. A ray divine !
Let us see !

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Tutti. Che mai sarà?
Sir G. Esultate, ah sì esultate!
Già i Stuardi or vinti sono—
I captivi han già perdono
L' Anglia terra ha libertà!
Ric. } A Crombello Onore e gloria!
Puri } La vittoria—il guiderà!
Elv. } Dall' angoscia al gaudio estremo
Art. } Par quest' alma al Ciel rapita!
Ben so dir che sia la vita
Or che { tuo / tua } l' amor mi fa.
Coro. Siate liete alme amorose,
Qual d' amor foste dolenti!
Lunghi di per voi ridenti
Quest' istante segnerà.
Elv. } Ah! sento, o mio bell' angelo,
Art. } Che poca è intera,
Per esultar nel giubilo,
Che amor ci done à.
Benediro le lacrime!
L' ansia, i sospir i gemiti
Vaneggerò nel palpito
D' un' ebbra voluttà!
Coro. Amor pietoso e teneao,
Coronerà di giubilo
L' ansia, sospirì, i palpiti
Di tanta fedeltà.

All. What can it be?
Sir G. Let exultation fill the hearts of all!
The power of the Stúarts is o'ercome—
Pardon has been to all captives granted
In England—liberty's supreme!
Ric. } Honor and glory be to Cromwell!
Sold. } Vict'ry now his banner waves!
Elv. } From mis'ry deep to joy celestial,
Art. } Seems this soul convey'd to Heav'n!
Now alone is life of value,—
Now that love has made thee mine.

Cho. May that love now form your joy,
Which has made your former sorrow,
And may this moment be a sign
Of days in store for you serene.
Elv. } Ah! I feel, O charming angel!
Art. } How truly pow'rless is my heart,
To deserve all this great joy,
Which love bestows on us,
I now shall bless e'en tears,
My fears and fond anxieties,
And in extatic pleasure
I shall enraptur'd be!
Cho. Love, most merciful and tende.,
Will crown with blissful feeling
The throbbings and the sighings
Of these two loving hearts

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